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EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Better Books Again

THE publishing trade, according to all therein concerned, has been in the doldrums for the past eight months. Falling markets, and that psychology of business depression which counsels to prudence in expenditure even before financial stringency necessitates it, have doubtless had considerable to do with the general slackness in the book field. But the trouble goes deeper than the recent panic, and unless measures are taken to remedy it is likely to outlive it. It rests primarily, it seems to us, on the increasing number of mediocre and worse than mediocre, books that appear.

Poor books, like death and the taxes, we suppose we shall always have with us, at least so long as editorial taste remains fallible, popular taste untrained, and publishers and authors alike anxious for large gains. But a marked increase of poor books is, in the slang of the day, something else again. It is a condition which is already bringing its results in overstocks on the booksellers' shelves, remaindering, and general book-shyness on the part of the public. And it is a condition which it would seem derives to a great extent from a false psychology.

The American people, as has often been said, is perhaps more than any other subject to the tyranny of fads and fancies. If this was true when Bryce remarked it of us years ago it is much more true still is it today when the standardizing forces of the radio and movie have so infinitely multiplied the means of transmitting popular fetishes and whims. All over the United States we simultaneously wear the same clothes, talk the same slang, write the same slogans, sing the same songs, and read the same novels. The East is no longer ahead of the Middle West or the Coast in the adoption of the latest divagation of fashion or intellect as Paris is no longer ahead of New York in the clothes it wears. The state of mind that exists in one part of the country is, in a general way, the state of mind that prevails in every other section.

Now publishers know this as well as everybody else, and being astute men and like all the rest of us in business for the livelihood they can make out of it, think to realize on the like-mindedness of the public. A Sinclair Lewis and an able and earnest group of embittered writers arise to make revolt in literature popular, and the immediate assumption is that the novel of revolt *per se* will be popular. A veritable rash of revolt spreads through fiction. Publishers who know quite as well as the more discriminating of their readers that the tales they are putting out are but weak imitations of those that stirred the public interest, nevertheless accept not one but two or three books of the kind on the presumption that the temporary preoccupation with that type of book will sell it, or in the fear that by not taking them a best-seller may slip through their hands, or lest they be labelled as old fogey for not following the fashion. Take the detective story which of all types of fiction at the present moment stands in most danger of killing the goose that laid the golden egg. Spurred on by the fact that the mystery tale has had an enormous vogue, even the most conservative of publishers has been putting books of the sort on his list. Most of them have been commonplace, many of them bad, with the natural result that the market is being glutted with them and the potential "fan" is being discouraged. For, though the American public may be malleable, it is not incapable of discovering its own preferences. As the burned child dreads the fire, so the reader whose taste or interest has been betrayed is cautious in further experimenting with the type of tale that has disappointed him. Good books help to make all books popular. Mediocre books tend to discredit book buying in general.

There is, of course, a class of the community that will always read and will always buy books, a class to whom a book is as necessary as bread or water. There is another class that will only read by accident,— if it needs momentary diversion, or particular instruction, or feels that not to be conversant with what happens to a best-seller is to be handicapped in social intercourse. But there is an intermediate class that will read if it can be persuaded that reading is at least as repaying as any other occupation for leisure hours, that is intelligent, eager, and appreciative if not "literary.". It is in this class that the margin of safety for the publishers lies, and it is this class which is leaving overstocks on the hands of the bookseller. And it is doing it, in part at least because it is being offered too many books that are not good enough for its deserts.

Fourth Dimension

By ELIZABETH HOLLISTER FROST

I SAW a green fern's pointed shadow
Lying on the ground;
The shadow was secret, it was so reluctant;
I stepped round and round;

Down by the beach plum bush there is a hollow
Where the waves spin;
But the sands are sullen, they are far too sullen
To let me in:

A priest beside the road gave me Lord's Supper,
(O the tranced day!)
But he snatched me as I slipped from low to upper
And bid me stay:

God you are reticent! and my own Demon
Is cryptic too—
Cézanne! open that fold of space a little wider
And let me through!

This Week

"The South Seas."
Reviewed by JAMES NORMAN HALL.

"The Present and Future of Religion."
Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS.

"The Near and the Far."
Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY.

"Sweet Man."
Reviewed by WALTER WHITE.

"A Flock of Birds."
Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM.

"The Life and Times of Colley Cibber."
Reviewed by ALLERDYCE NICOLL.

"What's Right with America."
Reviewed by HENRY WALCOTT BOYNTON.

"A True Story."
Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT.

An Epistle.
By LEE WILSON DODD.

Desk Cleaning.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Next Week, or Later

Seven Devils of Science.
By HENSHAW WARD.

One Who Reached Posterity

By WALLACE NOTESTEIN

CERTAINLY the cult of Disraeli—it has been nothing less than a cult with its Primrose Day and Primrose League—shows no least sign of abating. Only a few years ago a play based upon Disraeli's life but touched up with international intrigue received through the skill of George Arliss a wide reception in this country and more recently a movie based upon that play has brought it about that even the American schoolboy knows about Disraeli. The appearance of a new edition of Monypenny and Buckle's "Life of Benjamin Disraeli"* is particularly relevant in a day when Tory democracy is again talked with fervor.

It is hard to say too much about the high quality of this work as a piece of biography. An innumerable number of letters have been read and extracted with skill, to tell not only a story but to reveal a person. No doubt discretion has been used—it is evident about names where families might be hurt—but it is hard to believe that Buckle has left out anything that would make Disraeli a more distinct figure. The narrative of events, especially in the part done by Buckle, it would be difficult to better. Partisan it is of course, but partisan with a certain judicious reserve. If Gladstone is not given his due, he fares much better than in many another work.

* * *

It is impossible to say anything new about Disraeli, and yet historians and biographers never cease from troubling his ghost. One adjective has been more often used about him than any other. He was, as a young man, and always, fantastic, not only in clothes and manners but in his whole outlook. That the monarchy should be restored to its earlier glory and prestige, an idea that was in the line of Tory tradition and went back as far as Bolingbroke, an idea moreover that fitted into his own bringing up under a father who was a worshipper of the Stuarts, was a notion that in the nineteenth century was anachronistic and unrealistic. He thought it of importance, he wrote the Queen, "that the high nobility should be encouraged to cluster round the throne." He threw out the theatrical gesture of making Victoria Empress of India. He deceived the Queen into thinking that she swayed the scepter, when Disraeli was really guiding her wrist. Had the Queen been younger, the lessons which she learned from this fantastic politician might have proved serious for the English constitution. As it was, Gladstone and Harcourt had to be firm with her, and happily her successor cherished none of those illusions in which she had been encouraged.

No less fantastic was Disraeli's idea, one that runs all through his novels and speeches, of Tory Democracy. It may well be said that Tory Democracy is the cult of a section of the young intelligentsia in England today, that it was part of the underlying creed of the late Prime Minister; it may further be defended as a natural creed for those who distrust

* THE LIFE OF BENJAMIN DISRAELI, EARL OF BEACONSFIELD. By WILLIAM FLAVELLE MONEYPENNY and GEORGE EARLE BUCKLE. New and Revised Edition in two volumes. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1930. $8. The six-volume edition of this work was fairly expensive. A two-volume edition for $8 in this country and for 21 s. in England will make it available to a large number of people. Morley's "Life of Gladstone" has been recently put out in England in a two-volume edition for not much money. It is well that two such admirable biographies of the leaders of Victorian Conservatism and Liberalism should find wide sale and should become those sublimated textbooks out of which politicians may derive historical reinforcement for their creeds.

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middle-class materialism and optimism and hope to make way against it by a combination of working class and upper class. Fantastic as a political program it was in Disraeli's day as it remains in Baldwin's. To expect that a party dominated in that time by country gentlemen and today by them and big business is going to do anything significant to subtract from their own privileged position is to be unduly optimistic about humankind. No doubt there will always be individuals who will stand out from their class, especially in the group of country gentlemen, and concern themselves with those less fortunate. Stanley Baldwin, a manufacturer but above all a Worcestershire gentleman, had no end of good will to labor, but was powerless to make his party do anything about it. With Disraeli, who was master in his own cabinet and had his party in his hands, Tory Democracy meant a sincere ideal; better sanitation, better housing, protection of the workingman from criminal liability for breach of contract and conspiracy, all these measures were a sop to labor and so assured greater security to the landed classes. Disraeli gave his support to them, but there were other things that gained most of his attention.

His faith in the political sagacity of "wide-acred squires" was no less fantastic. It was a left-over from that youth in which he loved aristocrats, English aristocrats, especially those dull-witted and wealthy noblemen who would easily succumb to the plans of brilliant young adventurers. As he gained position and became himself a country gentleman by grace of the Bentinck family, he came to move in a circle that believed in the final wisdom of the landed classes and accepted the self-estimate of a group as to its own virtues, accepted it no doubt because it fitted into his own philosophy. Even when an old man, Disraeli continued to cherish that same touching faith in squires. "I am inclined to believe," he said, when Prime Minister and in the disillusioned 'seventies,

> that an English gentleman, managing his own estates, administering the affairs of his country, mixing with all classes of his fellow men now in the hunting field, now in the railway direction . . . is on the whole more likely to form a senator agreeable [illegible]

[illegible], apart from what was accomplished. He had little interest in the Ritualist controversy that came up in 1874, but what did interest him was that his Cabinet was divided, that he had to please the Cabinet, including the Marquis of Salisbury who leaned towards the Ritualists, and at the same time to satisfy the Queen, who had a strong dislike of Ritualism, and Archbishop Tait who shared her views. To keep conflicting interests together was his problem and he revelled in it. "Every arrangement was brought about and every calculation succeeded." "I don't think Bismarck could have done better." "I look upon the affair in the Lords as the greatest thing I have ever done." It was not really very important, but as a piece of management it was, and that suited the magician.

* * *

No one ever loved power for its own sake more. "You say," he wrote to Lady Chesterfield, "everybody is at my feet. Yes; It may be so—but the thing is to keep them there." On another occasion, when he had just adjourned the Commons for two weeks, he wrote her: "I begin to feel the reality of power." To his other beloved, Lady Bradford, he wrote: "I live for Power and the Affections"; and again: "Never was a man in a prouder position than myself." His letters are full of such passages, so much so that one feels that his biographer, Buckle, an ardent if judicious admirer, was himself somewhat shaken to realize how little Disraeli cared for the work itself and how much for the power.

What an old egoist he was! It must be said for his biographer that he has not attempted to conceal the egoism. Making in his later years some notes of earlier events, Disraeli wrote: "I had brought forward a great agricultural motion . . . had made a great statement at the beginning of the debate which lasted some days and had concluded by a brilliant reply . . . which made much noise at the time and was doubly effective from the capital division which followed." When Disraeli's novels appeared, all the flattery of a group skilled in flattery was recorded in his letters; he lapped up flattery almost as the "Faery" whose desire for it he never failed to satisfy nor to find amusement in. Indeed, his vanity is so incredible that it has been taken for granted and generally forgiven.

He has been forgiven much because he made no affectation of being other than he was. Many statesmen have lusted equally for power and put a better face upon it. His frankness and his cynicism fit into the spirit of this generation. He despised idealism and could by a phrase turn the laugh against the idealists. The laugh was often justified; his great rival had a way of fitting his idealism into his political necessities. His own feet, he believed, were on the ground; he did not look towards distant highlands. In his own day his mockery of the good and just was accounted unto him for cleverness but today almost for righteousness. With the years the cynic and scoffer has become a political saint. At the emotion that has been accumulated around his name Disraeli would have jested, but he would have written Lady Bradford about it.

He was not greatly interested apparently in achievement. His name is not written over the British statute-book; his great work in domestic affairs consisted in the remaking of the Conservative Party. He found it disorganized and disunited, he remade the local organizations, he tied them together with a central organization, he gave the party a new spirit and a taste for victory and experience of it. He was able to keep the most disparate elements in a Cabinet working together. He rallied the aristocracy and gentry to work for an organization that when victorious offered opportunity and prestige to their sons. No man was ever more expert in finding posts for the promising sons of the country houses. He left behind him a party which has shown little weakness from that time till the débâcle of 1905. What that means in history, it is hard to say. But it is always interesting to speculate on the might-have-beens of history. Had the Conservative Party remained in the doldrums in which Disraeli found it, the Liberal Party would have ceased to be a fighting machine and Liberalism would probably have been much more Conservative. Gladstone and Harcourt moved slowly, how slowly, towards the left, but were forced to move that way to oppose a Conservative Party that was powerful. Whether with a conservative Liberal Party in power, the Labor Party would have appeared sooner,

If Disraeli cared more about manipulation than achievement, if the means was more to him than the end, if he lived for power, there is this to be said for him, that his birth and the circumstances of his political career tended to make him what he became. Not the favored son of an English group, he did not come into politics with a creed prepared for him or an idealism ready to hand. A great part of his life was spent almost continuously as a subordinate and in opposition; it was in opposition that his genius had gained its chance. He became, because he had to do so, a political manipulator.

His attitude towards history deserves remark. Brought up in no Oxford school of history, he had read history attentively from boyhood. It was used by him constantly to test his own policies. When he was planning his Turkish policy in 1876 he wrote in his notes: "Mr. Canning's experience and its consequences." Such notes are common throughout his papers, more common, however, about foreign affairs than about domestic. Diplomatic history was to him the most important kind. Revolutions did not greatly interest him, nor the rise of peoples and classes. He seems to have read little biography, though he wrote an excellent one about Lord George Bentinck. I am not aware that he ever saw English history as a beautiful evolutionary process; in that as in other matters he was "on the side of the angels," i. e. against evolution. More than once he suggested that history was a matter of cycles, we had emerged from serfdom and into serfdom under a new conquering race we might relapse. The key to history, he believed, was the supremacy of race. Race, he talked about all his days. There is no key to history, but nationality will come nearer to explaining modern history at least than race.

To call Disraeli an imperialist is to use a vague word. Imperialism when applied to British policy has meant so many different things. Disraeli was not an imperialist as Joseph Chamberlain who set Britain thinking about her colonies and the necessity of closer relations with them. His imperialism was rather that of making the name of Britain respected and feared over the world. He went to war with the Zulus; he forced the Boers into a subordination they did not desire; he waged an unnecessary war against the Afghans. He had not watched Palmerston for nothing. In Endymion he gives a picture of Lord Roehampton by whom he meant Palmerston:

> He is the man. He does not care a rush whether the revenue increases or declines. He is thinking of real politics; foreign affairs; maintaining our position in Europe.

Disraeli was no less fond of rousing the British lion. But Palmerston allowed him to roar in defence of the small and weak; Disraeli set him roaring and after prey when insignificant creatures stepped upon his tail. The strong hand all over the world was his policy and it sounded well in the 'seventies, fitted into the aspirations of a generation that, having industrialized everything, was looking for markets and colonies. Today the course of events has made and is making less enthusiastic comment upon that policy. His enemies might call much of Disraeli's policy pure national arrogance. But Palmerston won his place in British esteem by national arrogance and Mr. Hoover did not hurt himself in America when as Secretary of Commerce he interfered in the rubber game. Imperialism is all very fine, and it is always certain to command a great hand, if you can get away with it. Britain did get away with it under both Palmerston and Disraeli. Eventually of course thousands of Britishers of those aristocratic classes whom the Anglicized Jew revered and hundreds of thousands of common folk gave up their lives. They gave them, as they thought, to defend Belgium and save France, yes, and

> . . . for some idea but dimly understood
> Of an English city never made with hands

but partly because British imperialism had run athwart of other imperialisms, founded to some degree on British models.

* * *

No one hated Imperialism more than a certain Sussex gentleman, poet, and crank whose remarks in his diary upon Disraeli and imperialism deserve quotation:

> Our dull English nation deserved what it got, and there is nothing funnier in history than the way in which he [illegible] our square-toed aristocratic party to put off its re- [illegible] in his suit of imperial [illegible] death to worship their [illegible] nder the innocent form [illegible] ooling, but the joke has been rather a poor one for the world at large and has saddled us at home with what we see, a bragging pirate democracy.

There is no time to consider Disraeli and the Congress of Berlin. "By it," says Buckle, "his reputation as a European statesman must stand or fall." Disraeli stopped the progress of Russia towards the Bosphorus, saved a Turkey, and established a Balkan situation that was to remain continuously unsettled and dangerous. The tragic failure of Britain at the Dardanelles in 1915 and the whole series of events in the Balkans before 1914 cannot fairly be credited to Disraeli, but another policy than his might have prevented them. It was all wonderful stage management, even to allowing the war spirit to get almost out of control, it was superb acting; Disraeli was an artist, there was not wanting that economy of means which belongs to the artist; what was wanting was a high conception. An artist he was, but no whit a poet. A great statesman must needs be part poet.

* * *

Nor is there time to consider Disraeli as a political seer. Buckle credits him with some bits of foresight. Of course few political leaders are seers. It is given rather to literary men, to such men as Frederic Harrison and George Meredith, to look into the future. Disraeli made some poor guesses as to nations and their progress, and he failed to sense those movements in his own country which were just around the corner. It may be said in excuse that he was of his own generation and it might be answered that he belonged to an earlier generation. Already the throne as an instrument of government was antiquated, and government by country gentlemen was fast going. He looked backward and not forward. Even that imperialism to which he and after him Joseph Chamberlain were to give such an impetus, though it fitted into a time of business expansion, did not become a Britain that needed to safeguard what she had and not look for more. It may well be that in some other century, when a sleepless king calls for the chroniclers, that they will show him how the final sweep of imperialism marked the beginning of the end of British greatness. If the king is very sleepless the chroniclers may tell him tales of a picturesque Prime Minister who lived long ago and gave liveliness and color to his time.

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Conserving Beauty

TO THE SOUTH SEAS. By GIFFORD PINCHOT. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Company. 1930. $3.50.

Reviewed by JAMES NORMAN HALL
Author of "Fiery Lands of the South Seas."

JOSEPH CONRAD says that he who sets out on a conscious search for adventure, goes but to gather Dead Sea fruit, unless, indeed, he be beloved of the Gods or great among heroes. Whether or no Mr. Pinchot went to the South Seas on such a premeditated search, he might, assuredly, have done so with confidence, for in his own person he fulfils both of the above exceptional conditions. With respect to the first, any man who owns a two-hundred-and-fifty-ton, three-masted, topsail schooner in which he may travel where he will, must be a favorite of the gods. As for the second, it requires heroism of a high kind to cherish for forty years the dream of owning such a schooner, cheerfully putting off its realization because one has work to do in the world. The importance and the unselfish nature of that work is known to everyone. I wish, for the sake of our children's children, that there were more Gifford Pinchots in the U. S. A.

"To the South Seas" is the story of Mr. Pinchot's dream come true at last. It is a travel book in the fine sense, the best that I have read in recent years. Mr. Pinchot's intimate, straightforward, narrative style suits the subject well. The simplicity and candor of that style may deceive some readers into thinking that this is merely a chatty narrative about a voyage in a yacht, of the genus of "The Sea-Tracks of the Speejacks"; but if they are discerning readers they will not be deceived for long. And if they are not discerning readers, what does it matter whether they are deceived or not?

The yacht, *Mary Pinchot*, went first to Cocos Island, in the Gulf of Panama, with brief stops on the way at Havana, Grand Cayman, Swan Island, Old Providence, St. Andrews, and in the Canal Zone. With the exception of Havana, which is too well known to need more than mention, all of these places are described in such a way as to give the reader the almost complete illusion of having seen them for himself. Cocos Island is, I imagine, no more than a name to most people, connected with rather vague stories of buried treasure. In one brief chapter Mr. Pinchot presents a picture of the loneliness and beauty of that uninhabited island that one can never forget. There is magic in this kind of writing that is its own reason for being. One doesn't attempt to analyze it.

But the most interesting part of the book, to me, was the account of the visit—or rather, of the series of visits—to the Galápagos Islands. I have loved those islands, from afar, for many years, and have read all the narratives concerning them that I could lay my hands on, including William Beebe's "Galápagos—World's End." Mr. Pinchot's is far and away the best of them all. He visited Floreana, Albemarle, Tower, Indefatigable, Duncan, Seymour, Daphne Major, Barrington, Narborough. I doubt whether many living men have explored the Group so thoroughly, and I am sure that no man has written of it—in recent times at least—with equal truth, sympathy, and discernment. One has absolute confidence in his statements, and they are never mere dull statements of fact, but are shot through with humor and imaginative insight—the sense of the significance that lies back of the most seemingly insignificant things.

Mr. Pinchot has the true nature lover's delight in the non-human world, and the forbearance to study it without wishing to destroy. His suggestion, with respect to the future of the Galápagos, is a most timely one. This is what he says:

> Communities of men learn slowly enough—communities of animals far more slowly. Long before these birds and beasts, unprotected by the fear of men as others are, can learn to dread him and avoid him, there will be none of the larger ones and few of the smaller ones left alive to profit by the lesson of experience.
>
> On many of the islands the great Galápagos tortoises, of which I have said little, have already been exterminated. Only a pitiful and vanishing remnant still survives. So with the iguanas. So with the penguins and flightless cormorants.
>
> As the Galápagos become better known, as what may be found there and felt there brings more and more visitors to the islands, as methods of communication improve (and they surely will), as more and more boats touch at the islands, and more and more settlers come to live upon them—one thing will surely happen if we let it happen, and that right quickly—the last natural stronghold of the fearless wild will be destroyed.
>
> Here is a region unmatched on earth in the ease and intimacy with which strange and fascinating wild animals and birds and reptiles can be seen and studied. Such a region seems worth saving.
>
> There is just one thing to do, and that is to secure the setting aside of several of the islands as wild life refuges, just as we have done so successfully in the Yellowstone National Park and elsewhere at home. Whether the United States should approach the authorities of Ecuador, whether the League of Nations offers the proper channel through which this project may best be undertaken, I need not here discuss. But somehow it ought to be done.

One hopes that it can and will be done before it is too late.

On the long westward passage from the Galápagos to the Marquesas, when nothing else was to be seen, Mr. Pinchot studied the procession of the waves from southeast to northwest. His remarks on ripples, and little waves, and big waves, all dancing to the giant rhythm of the underlying roll of the Pacific, are by no means the least interesting thing in the book. In his chapter on sharks, he observes: "You can break up almost any conversation, any time, anywhere, by introducing the simple questions: 'Will a shark bite a man?' 'Has a shark ever bitten a man?'" And inspired by his

Max Beerbohm's version of a statesman of olden time.
From "The Stuffed Owl"
(Coward-McCann).

never-ending curiosity, Mr. Pinchot has assembled in his chapter a mass of gruesome and utterly convincing data which answers the above questions conclusively. There need never be another controversy with respect to them. But there probably will be many.

The last third of the volume has to do with the real South Seas—the Marquesas, the Tuamotu Archipelago, and Tahiti. This section of the narrative can be recommended to any fireside traveler who wishes to know, and to be sure that he knows, what those islands are like today.

It was a surprise to me to find that a book so beautifully bound, printed, and illustrated can be sold for the sum of $3.50. Most publishers charge $5 for books not half so well gotten out. "To the South Seas" is worth $3.50 of any man's money, and five hours of any man's time, however busy he may be. It is a book to read, and to keep to read again. More valuable than the story itself is the manifestation throughout it of the spirit of the man who first lived it and now tells it. Most men, past their forties, find their senses blunted, their interest in the world about them—and consequently, their capacity for enjoying it—slackening. Mr. Pinchot is one of the fortunate exceptions. Although long past forty, his senses are as keen as those of a boy. He has a boy's vivid sense of the wonder and beauty of the external world and the same tireless curiosity about it, which is as rare as it is precious.

"Bakunin, the Russian apostle of universal destruction, fathered the revolutionaries of four lands, "says the London *Observer*. "Turgeniev and Dostoievsky put him into novels; Wagner wrote of him with fearful admiration in his memoirs. Hélène Iswolsky, in her 'Vie de Bakounine' (Nouvelle Revue Française), quotes from the extraordinary confession addressed by him to the Emperor."

Religion and Morals

THE PRESENT AND FUTURE OF RELIGION. By C. E. M. JOAD. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

READERS who may have encountered Mr. Joad's ludicrously inaccurate book on the United States, published a few years ago, should be advised that this present volume is a much more respectable performance; even though it is bound to suffer by comparison with Lippmann's earlier and fuller treatment of the same topic. Joad does not write as well as Lippmann and his picture of the decay of organized religion and authoritarian morals is nowhere near as detailed and convincing; but when it comes to the future Joad keeps his feet on the ground better than Lippmann, whose ingenuous optimism made his constructive chapters sound a little too much like a Sunday school story for some readers.

"So far as present indications go," says Mr. Joad, "it seems not unlikely that science will deliver the *coup de grâce* to organized Christianity within the next hundred years"; though he suggests that possibly the Church of England, with the House of Commons and the Royal Family, may be kept going for the entertainment of American tourists. Well, all these obituaries on organized Christianity overlook one large fact—they take into consideration only the more sophisticated part of society; they ignore the indigestible residue of Fundamentalists, mostly Catholics, whom we are likely to have with us for a long time to come. And if you argue that they can be ignored intellectually, they certainly cannot be ignored politically. Let the intellectual who talks of the breakdown of organized Christianity consider the Tennessee anti-evolution law and the Irish censorship.

Mr. Joad rightly observes that the origin of religion is of less importance than its goal; though his argument that critics of the Church rationalize their wishes as much as churchmen is hardly convincing. Nobody really wants to feel that man is left alone in an indifferent or hostile univ[illegible] man come to that uncomfortable conclusion on[illegible] they feel they must. All the same, th[illegible] religion may have sprung from man's fe[illegible] flood and the storm does not in itself invalidate what religion may become. When Mr. Joad declares that "religious consciousness . . . contains an element which does not reflect the past, but foreshadows the future," no one can certainly refute him.

* * *

But what is that future to be? Well, says our author, religion has two aspects—duty toward one's neighbor and duty toward God. What religion may do in the first field Mr. Joad illustrates by pointing to the two young optimistic missionary religions in the world today—Communism and Fascism. For their ends and their means he has no use at all; but he admires, very properly, the spirit that animates them. The best Communists, the best Fascists, are trying to establish the kingdom of heaven on earth; they may define it wrongly but at least they are trying. Religion, then, says Mr. Joad, has a duty to the young people of the future—to infuse them with some such fiery zeal for a better world. This is so worthy an ideal that it is perhaps quibbling to ask why it (or for that matter Lippmann's "high religion" and Millikan's "essential religion") should be called religion at all. It is emotionalized ethics. How put the emotion into ethics that gives the driving missionary impulse? Alas, apparently a personality, a Mussolini or a Lenin, is needed for that. Here is the paradox that confronts all who are trying to work out a rational religion—reason as a remover of mountains is less potent than faith; and the objects of faith are not plausible to the modern reason.

As for man's duty to God, it is to contemplate him. Here Mr. Joad modestly announces that he sets forth only his own personal opinion, the way things seem to him. He is a whole-hearted transcendentalist; there is a world of "values" on another plane than the physical cosmos; and God is of these values the sum, or the source, or the quintessence, or something of the sort; at any rate he has nothing to do with our world of island universes, of energy running down. Art (but apparently only non-representational art) gives us a glimpse of the world of values; the esthetic pleasure we derive from a Renaissance painting is sublunary, but that which we obtain from a Byzantine mosaic (or presumably a piece

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of modern cubism) is a momentary contact with immortal and transcendent verity.

Whether the parallel between esthetics and theology is admissible is, it may seem to some of us, rather dubious. As evidence of God Mr. Joad can adduce nothing but the experiences of the mystics, which he concedes may be what grosser minds consider them, mere refractions of self-imposed physical discomfort. He thinks they are more and nobody can disprove it, though one may fail to be convinced. But when he says "the material world is molded and infused by a spirit of life; moreover, it is not the only world, but behind and beyond it is the world of value, permanent and perfect," he seems to be trying to eat his cake and have it too. Mr. Joad makes a great deal of logical method, and one might suppose he would feel certain logical difficulties in his system which practically (though he does not seem to see it) implies two Gods, one immanent and one transcendent.

Historical Tales

THE NEAR AND THE FAR. By L. H. MEYERS. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1930. $2.50.

NONE SO PRETTY. By MARGARET IRWIN. The same.

GUERRA. By ALFRED NEUMANN. New York. Alfred A. Knopf. 1930. $3.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

"THIS is not," says Mr. L. H. Meyers in his preface to "The Near and the Far," "a historical novel, although the action is placed in the time of Akbar, the Great Mogul (who was a contemporary of Queen Elizabeth's), nor is it an attempt to portray specifically Oriental modes of living and thinking. I have done what I liked with history and geography: facts have been used when they were useful and distorted or ignored when they were inconvenient." And Mr. Meyer goes on to explain that since the publication of Lady Murasaki's "Tale of Genji" has revealed that "ways of thought and feeling that we have been accustomed to regard as characteristically modern were paralleled in the Antipodes nine hundred years ago," the novelist has been granted "a new license" and may now ask his readers "to accept a juxtaposition of things that would have struck them as disconcertingly anachronistic" before. Now the novelist may "take flight from the topical, escape from the local and particular . . . leave behind all the irrelevant associations that hold to name and place . . . take what he wants, and leave behind just what he doesn't want."

One may question the newness of this license, or the influence on it of the publication of Lady Murasaki's writings, except perhaps so far as Mr. Meyers is concerned. In a score of volumes, Mr. James Branch Cabell has escaped from "irrelevant associations" into a world of his own creating, pausing every now and then to explain to his readers just what he was doing. Walter Pater, in "Marius the Epicurean," tried to do just that, and said so. Surely the Elizabethan dramatists in their Italian plays were not unconscious of the advantages in avoiding "the local and particular," and one wonders whether even the medieval romancers may not have been similarly moved. The discovery that "ways of thought and feeling that we have been accustomed to regard as characteristically modern" really have been paralleled in other lands and other centuries constantly awaits the observant and enterprising reader in whatever strange world he may venture with open eyes. And novelists have never hesitated to take advantage of that delightful fact. But Mr. Meyers's discovery is none the less valid because others have made it before him. He has hit, indeed, upon one of the two genuine reasons for writing historical fiction.

The artist may be interested primarily in history, that is, in a phase of human activity which found its fullest expression (or is assumed to have done so) at some time in the past. Whether he wishes to interpret the social forms of sixteenth century Italy, or simply to contemplate with delight the spectacle of a Bayard or a Borgia, he is specifically a historian. This is the first way. On the other hand, the novelist may be interested in some eternal human characteristic, as simple, perhaps, as pugnacity or adventurousness, or perhaps as complex as the gropings after the infinite of Mr. Meyers's characters, and wish to exhibit this characteristic free from "irrelevant associations" and usually (since he is an artist) in a *milieu* favorable to its development. This is the second way, which Mr. Meyers adopts with an instinct sounder than the reasoning of his ingenuous preface. For although these different temperaments which seek by different paths an adjustment with the universe are "familiar to us in Western Europe today," they can be exhibited most dramatically in that strange India of varied and disintegrating creeds which Akbar ruled, and in which warlike Moslems, philosophic Brahmans, emotional Christians, primitive earth worshippers, self-abnegating Buddhists, conservatives, radicals, modernists, agnostics, can all be shown under their true colors, instead of all masquerading in the uniform of Anglican communicants. And because the strivings of these people seem modern to Mr. Meyers, they seem real, and the people and their environment seem real too; so that the reader is left with a vivid picture of a place and time which, though it may not correspond exactly to any historic India, is, at least, an India of the soul.

Mr. Meyers's absorbing book amply justifies the choice of method for which he declares. But it is well for the artist who wishes to read modern emotions into a historical background to be as conscious of the wish as is Mr. Meyers. The chief weakness of Miss Margaret Irwin's novel, "None So Pretty," is Miss Irwin's failure to realize the extent to which the emotions on which she centers her attention belong, not to the seventeenth century, but to the twentieth. Miss Irwin's book came about, she says, not because she "particularly wanted to write an historical novel" but because a seventeenth century epitaph, seen on a floor tomb in Dorchester Abbey, seemed so hollow and "insincere that she was convinced that it was written not in admiration, but in bitterness and anger." "All the virtues, I thought," she says, "were mentioned in ironic falsehood; the heroine was neither wise, nor pious, nor virtuous, nor fair, but lived life passionately, in flat contradiction to the epitaph's statement." Starting from this typically twentieth century point of view (for surely four-fifths of all the surviving seventeenth century epitaphs cannot have been written in irony and anger) Miss Irwin must have set about to read up her period. To such good purpose did she read that she was able to season her pages with a liberal sprinkling of adapted anecdote from the memoirs of the courts of Charles II and Louis XIV, and to win a prize in a historical novel contest. But for all its undoubted accuracy of costume and setting, the main action of "None So Pretty," the brief and pathetic career of an ambitious, thwarted, wild-blooded girl married without love to a boorish country squire and buried alive in an Oxfordshire manor, has nothing in particular to do with the seventeenth century. Its psychology, at important points, is more nearly that of our own day. More nearly, but not quite. For Miss Irwin, with her unescapable, because unrealized, twentieth century preconceptions, thinks of herself as explaining a problem of seventeenth century conduct, and the resulting picture has in places an air of self-conscious quaintness and archaic masquerade which is destructive both to profound portrayal of character and to genuine realization of the past. Miss Irwin's novel is entertaining, deftly, and even brilliantly, written, with many admirable pages, but it fails to achieve completely either of the ends (the realization of a past life or the presentation of some eternal aspect of human conduct free from adventitious circumstances) for which the historical novel may properly strive.

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These have been said to be the two main ends of the historical novel but they need not be thought of as mutually exclusive. That their combination strengthens not only the force of any historical novel as a whole, but also the realization of each end so combined, is proved (if so obvious a proposition need be proved) by Alfred Neumann's "Guerra." None of Herr Neumann's novels, previously translated, has been quite successful either as fiction or as history. Perhaps the nearest to success was "The Rebels," an account of the abortive Tuscan uprising of 1831, to which "Guerra" is a sequel, but though the atmosphere of Carbonari conspiracy in grand-ducal Florence was well sustained, the hackneyed and rather melodramatic central situation of "The Rebels" and the consequent thinness of much of the character drawing, detracted fatally from its credibility. No such criticism can be levelled at the present book, in which Alfred Neumann has really struck his stride. Far from being thin, "Guerra" discloses, like all really powerful fiction, successive layers of significance. It is the constantly absorbing story of the return of the exiled Guerra, the Carbonari leader of '31, to power in the great year of revolutions, 1848, and his heroic fall when the armies of the Italian States hurled back from the Quadrilateral by the veteran Radetsky, broke in a panic and let in the Austrians once more. Every step in the story, from the time that Guerra, at its beginning, is disclosed idling in mild confinement on Elba, seducing the fisher girls and waiting for something to turn up, leads inevitably to that last moment when in the general *sauve qui peut* of the Italian liberals, Guerra, their chief and the real head of the Tuscan state, is obliged to decide what disposition he will make of the power he has seized.

That the story is a thinly veiled *roman à clef*, in which many of the figures of the Risorgimento move under light disguises, is perhaps the least interesting of its layers. It can be readily disregarded. "Guerra" is remarkable as a historical novel, not because it romances about the doings of dead personages, but because it conveys even to the dullest reader a sense of the inexorable process of history, of that feeling of awful anticipation that hung over Europe in the year when governments crashed, kings fled, nations reeled, and for a few months it seemed that the political and social map of Europe would be made anew. From the abundant sources Herr Neumann has resurrected the very feeling of 1848. Not even Trevelyan does it better.

But the novelist, like the historian, will, if he faces his full task, be unwilling merely to recreate the facts. He will want to interpret them, and relate them to the laws of human character in action. A German in 1929 can scarcely avoid an interest in the abiding aspects of revolutionary movements. So "Guerra," transcending its strict historicity, becomes a study of the fundamental human problems at the basis of political change, a dramatization of the effects of power on its old and on its new possessors, of the motives of conservatives and revolutionists, and of the choices which must confront them. Guerra, the revolutionary leader, with his cold, aristocratic intellect and the demagogic talent he comes to despise; Caminer, the plebian, sentimental pillar of despotism; the Grand Duke himself, with his rigid traditions and contradictory impulses; all these are more than mere historical personages: they are completely realized human temperaments whose story has a high dramatic value quite apart from history. And because they are so much, they become more: symbols of the forces, complex and ambiguous because human, with which political life (like any other phase of life) must constantly reckon. As the novel moves towards its close, through the torches and the shouting of the Florentine revolution, this inner symbolic meaning becomes increasingly insistent until the final, half allegorical, episode of the blood transfusion can stand harmoniously and without need of comment as Herr Neumann's final judgment upon the mission of Guerra and his type.

That "Guerra" is a profoundly human story of immediate and general significance, makes it not worse history, but better. Perhaps indeed, just as the fiction of any era usually contains its most valuable historical remains, so the most satisfactory history must always be expressed in terms of fiction.

"The Apple Cart" is to be acted in English in Berlin this autumn. Bernard Shaw has given his permission for the production by the Englisches Theater Deutscher Schauspieler, the organization started by Adele Hartwig, the German actress who was formerly associated with Max Reinhardt. For the last four years plays have been acted in English under her management. All the actors have been German, and altogether sixty-four pieces have been produced. For the first time an English actress, Natala Korel, has been added to the personnel of the theatre.

The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

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Negro Low Life

SWEET MAN. By GILMORE MILLEN. New York: The Viking Press. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by WALTER WHITE
Author of "Flight"

NO myth has been clung to more persistently than that only southern white people can truly understand the Negro. Gilmore Millen in "Sweet Man" gives the most convincing proof yet presented that such understanding of Negro psychology is possible. As a Negro I could, and probably would, have read the book and believed the author a Negro had I not learned from the jacket that Mr. Millen is a white man and was born and lived in the South.

Few more exciting novels have been written in these United States within recent years. For Millen possesses the narrative gift to an extraordinary degree. He takes John Henry, whom women could not leave alone, from the time of his birth during a Mississippi flood through various amorous adventures which would have made Don Juan himself envious, through to his death in Los Angeles in the bedroom of a golden-haired, blue-eyed charmer from whom John Henry could escape only by killing her and then himself. The tale has extraordinary fidelity to spirit. It details clearly and objectively the problem of being a "good Negro" farmer in Mississippi in battling the boll-weevil, too little or too much rain, and, greatest evil of all, unscrupulous, thieving, white landlords. It takes one through the glamorous life of the "line" of Memphis's Beale Street on through to John Henry's life as chauffeur and lover in Hollywood. Through it all John Henry moves with calm assurance, seldom having to worry about such mundane necessities as food, clothing, and a place to sleep. Always some woman is eager to supply these and other necessities.

Do not imagine, however, that the story ever sags or becomes simply a listing of sordid love affairs. Were John Henry less a carefree vagabond, the story unquestionably would sink to be a repetitious catalogue of mistresses—black, brown, yellow, and white. That, fortunately, never happens. I know no more poignant passage in contemporary literature than that telling of John Henry's and Ida's struggle—Ida is the one woman he married and whom he really loved and never forgot—to raise a cotton crop which would establish them and give them security. The story of how their white landlord robbed them of their crop, and in doing so swept out from under John Henry all hope and ambition, has no single word of propaganda or preachment in it. The reader suffers with John Henry and is filled with resentment against the unscrupulous parties to the thievery.

It takes courage of a high order to write a story like "Sweet Man" and especially for a southern white man to do it. It treats courageously certain phases of Negro-white life as no novelist has yet had the courage to write. In two episodes Mr. Millen hints at what might happen, and many times has happened, in the south, but he does not quite have the temerity to do more than hint of these episodes, preferring instead to take John Henry away to Hollywood for that development. Such a criticism, however, is a minor one. "Sweet Man" is strong meat, but only the squeamish will fail to enjoy the superbly told tale, and they will at least learn a good deal of what Negro low life can be in a Southern setting.

In the Shadow of Death

A FLOCK OF BIRDS. By KATHLEEN COYLE. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM

THE Russians have a saying to the effect that the soul of another is a dark forest. And it is such a forest, dark indeed, that Kathleen Coyle with fine restraint and yet with merciless directness, exposes in "A Flock of Birds." It takes courage to read the book; it must have taken tremendous courage to write it. For the author follows undeviatingly for forty-eight hours, and the reader must follow after, the thoughts, the fears, the memories, and the faint hopes of a mother whose son has been sentenced to execution. The novel is bounded by the personality of this woman. No single event is presented save as she sees it. The book is a perfect example of the subjective method; there is never the slip of a sentence nor a second into the outside world yet it has the form and resilience so often lacking in the stream-of-consciousness novels. These qualities are gained through the meticulous craftsmanship of the author and through the strong, unsentimental fibre of the mother's mind.

One realizes in reading this novel, example by contrast, how exclusively concerned with the drifting, egocentric, and defeatest type of personality most of the novelists of mental flux have been. Kathleen Coyle shows that the lines within consciousness can be as clean cut, in the recording, as the lines outside it. Only this tough-mindedness, this constant balancing of idea against idea, this checking of the impulsive by the rational keeps the novel from being too agonizing to be effective. In this mother, who is not permitted to lay down her life for her son, we find a woman forced in upon herself by the weight of distasteful sympathy and publicity. There is no decent spot where she can be alone with her tragedy. She is beset by talk and plans and emotionalism. Caught between her instinctive desire to do something, anything, and her sure knowledge that all effort will be quite futile, she stands out in her passive dignity in the midst of the surrounding hurried activity. She is no simple character to be read at a glance, but Miss Coyle is adequate to the implications as well as the expressions of this personality she has created.

The background for the story is Dublin in 1919, the period of the Black and Tans, and it is through a political killing that the son has been imprisoned, tried, and condemned to death. A brother and a sister not in sympathy with his views are eager in their attempt to bring pressure to bear to save him. His fiancée refuses to think of his cause as lost and goes about getting names on a list for protest. The sense of the necessity for haste, the surprising little jealousies that can arise at such a time, the constant though unconscious insistence upon personal expression, give a chaotic reality to this novel of life where death shadows every page.

Reality Imprisoned

A TRUE STORY. By STEPHEN HUDSON. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1930. $3.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

MR. STEPHEN HUDSON is a singular phenomenon in literature. In the last ten years he has written five novels, all issued under a jealously guarded pseudonymity. All of them interested the critics, but not the general public. Several of them were interesting experiments in form: "Myrtle" presented the heroine as she was seen by nine persons who loved her; "Tony" was a story told by means of a monologue not delivered by, but addressed to, the principal character, and spoken by his brother. All of them presented (though not in chronological order, and with some overlapping) parts of the life of a single character, Richard Kurt. Now it appears, from the prefatory note to "A True Story," that they were all preliminary studies for the story of Richard Kurt, of which this is the final form. There can hardly be another instance of an author who took up the study of a certain problem at the very beginning of his public career, and worked at nothing else until, ten years later, he brought it to a conclusion.

The finished book is the story of a delicate, sensitive boy in the most sterile of social classes, the rich *rentiers* with no responsibilities and no real position in the country. His father is a German, and Richard spends much of his time on the Continent, so that he has no chance to put down roots of his own. He has no taste for finance, no encouragement toward any other career, no necessity for a career at all; he becomes a mildly ironic looker-on. His qualities conspire with his defects; his fineness becomes weakness. He proposes marriage to a vulgar, mercenary girl, and though he is disillusioned by the way she hurries on the wedding with an impatience which ought to defeat itself, he will not withdraw his word, and marries, open-eyed, a woman who does not love him. The marriage takes place about halfway through the book after which his attempts to escape his destiny are very slight.

The book will suffer, in the eyes of most readers, from the heroes' want of decision; "A True Story" will scarcely have a greater popular success than its predecessors. Indeed, it may perhaps have less, for Mr. Hudson has cut down his material with a real austerity. We are left none of the novelties in form that might possibly have been called "stunts"; there are none of the brutal, gilded dissipations of "Tony"; there are no artificial attractions left to the stripped, simple story. There is no longer all of that, for of the earlier drafts almost all of "Richard, Myrtle and I," in which Richard found happiness with a sympathetic woman, and the whole of "Myrtle," which showed how lovely the woman was, are cut out of the final presentation of the story. Myrtle appears, but if you want a happy ending you must imagine it; Mr. Hudson will give you none. The same asceticism pervades the entire book; if Mr. Hudson thinks it a pity that the deracinate class he writes of is on the increase since the war, he does not say so; he will have nothing to do with morals or significances. You must content yourself with the story, for what it is worth: the story of a man, not a great man, whose life was not strictly tragic, but continuously unhappy.

To a small group of readers, this book will make a great appeal. It is an austere book, but a rich one; it is full of characters and incidents, and all is green and vital growth, or it would have been pruned away with the rest. Besides its fulness and vitality, it has a moving, even a haunting quality that is hard to account for. Part of the secret is in the style, which has an exquisite lucidity like the finest glass, whose beauty is to be invisible.

But there is more than that. One is reminded of an essay by the late C. E. Montague, in which he said that writing might be either a process of building up, like a sculptor modeling in clay, or of cutting away, like a sculptor boldly carving in the marble; and went on to suggest that certain writers had with huge labor reared themselves a huge quarry of conception, only in order to pare it down to the ultimate imprisoned perfection, the finished work. Mr. Hudson is one of those. By virtue, one must suppose, of innumerable rewritings, published and unpublished, the story, commonplace enough if summarized, has the compelling quality of reality; one is stirred, not because these things are said to have happened so but because these things happened. Whoever is concealed by "Stephen Hudson," whether or not Richard has any more historical reality than Romeo, Mr. Hudson has one great reward, the unquestionable right to call his book "A True Story."

An Epistle

DEAR HENRY—
Life has weathered us since we
Walked in all weathers, being young, and talked
About it and about persistently,
Not caring for how long nor where we walked.

New England uplands could not tire our feet,
Nor Catskill thunderstorms delay us long;
And if our rhapsodies were incomplete
As the day waned, stars canopied our song.

For it *was* song, our chatter, though we deemed it
Stiff argument! It was our new blood singing
"Life is a noble pastime!" So we deemed it
To be, and it was so then. We were bringing

(An unguessed sacrifice?) youth's brief renewal
Of hope once more unto an old grim jaded
Mad-melancholy race, named Man. Fresh fuel
Cast on the graying embers ere they faded!

We could not guess how weary our elders were,
How dull their pulses, drab their minds, how dead
Their souls and senses to the infinite whirr
Of heavenly plumes about them! When they said

"Vanity, vanity—!" we laughed. It was
The sly quaint way of elders to complain.
We heard them as the bees. A somnolent buzz
Drowsed in our ears unnoted, "Life is vain."

And now—that whirr of heavenly plumes? Long sped?
No; you, old scout, still track it from afar,
Nor miss youth's lilting impulse as you tread
Bravely the dust of this too-earthy star.

Still something blithe and undefeated gleams
Out from your presence, something not afraid
To trust the sanctity of your young dreams
Whose power you rejoiced in—and obeyed.

And though the beating of strong wings has died
Out from my being's rhythm, yet even in me
Because you still go springingly, my pride
Forbids the last defeat of—"Vanity!"

LEE WILSON DODD.

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The Bowling Green

Desk Cleaning

THE learned and inquiring Dr. J. Schwartz, proprietor of the Ulysses Book Shop, 187 High Holborn, London, listed the following item in a recent catalogue:—

TENNYSON (Alfred) The original Cape (dark navy blue, with velvet collar, a few moth holes)—it was given by Alfred to his son, with the cloak goes a handmade oak box (for eternal preservation), and a card of Mrs. Alfred Tennyson (wife of Alfred's son, that the cloak is the "originale"). This mantle of immortality can descend on the shoulders of anyone who is willing to pay the price of £7. NOTE.—Curiosity seekers are warned that it cannot be sent on approval.) if I don't sell it I'm not worried at all, as it fits me well, and can also be used as a blanket or a wrap to keep the icy blasts of chance off.

I at once sent a London client to have a look at this garment; it seemed to me it would be excellent to have it hanging in the locker at the SATURDAY REVIEW office for the use of the staff during sudden showers, and to cross 45th Street for lunch at the Hotel Unabridged. To my dismay my agent reports that he did not purchase it as it looked "somewhat small" for the editor of the Bowling Green. But it was my hope to have seen it draped on the lean lyrical clavicles and scapulas of the Phœnician.

* * *

Which reminds me that another literary association of much personal glamor, Mark Twain's Heidelberg drinking-horn, is still at the Union Square Book Shop, 30 East 14th Street, New York. This curly and cornucopious vessel was refreshed to its original purposes a year or so ago in Hoboken, when its present owner kindly allowed us to dust it out and rededicate it. The Union Square Book Shop is always original and has the merciful gift of humor. In a recent catalogue it lists a series of "Low Spots of American Literature." At a recent auction the Union Square Book Shop listed a letter from the physician (Dr. J. J. Moran) who aided Poe's last hours. This letter dismisses the ancient rumor that Poe died in the odor of alcohol. Dr. Moran wrote in 1878:—

He did not die from delirium Tremens or Mania, had no smell of liquor upon his breath or person when received into the Hospital of which I had the sole charge. . . . The scandalous story should not, and I think has been forever set at rest, by the statement I made in affidavit. . . . He was sent to the H. about 10 o'clock a.m.; was found lying on a bench by the side of a large house. . . . I paid the hackman who brought him, and nurse attended, and paid for his coffin, wife and lady friends made his shroud. . . . In my attention to him he said I was very kind, and asked "Where am I?" I answered "in the hands of friends." He said: "the best friend to me would be the man who would blow my brains out with a pistol." . . . He said "wretch that I am, Sir, when I behold my degradation & ruin! What I have suffered and lost and the misery I have brought upon others; I feel like I could sink through this bed into the lowermost abyss below, forsaken by God & man, an outcast from society" . . . after much more and answers to various questions, he said "Dr. I am dying" to which I replied "I fear it is so, put your trust in your Saviour, there is mercy for you." He then said "write to my mother Mrs. Clemm and say Eddie's no more." I said "look to God for salvation. . . ."

Strange and sometimes ghastly glimpses are revealed to those who have an eye for booksellers' catalogues. One in a happier vein occurs in the always cheering broadside of the Hampshire Book Shop (Northampton, Mass.) where a first edition (1642) of that nuggety old Thomas Fuller's ***Holy State and Profane State*** (and only $12) is described as "a week-end book." It is indeed; one of the greatest. If it had chanced to have been made fashionable by Collectors, that incomparable book would be selling at ten or twenty times the price.

* * *

Stephen Hunt, bookseller of Southborough (near Tunbridge Wells), Kent, England, has a pleasantly informal way of inviting his clients to drop in. He calls his shop The Sign of the Huntsman, and utters a special mating cry for American wanderers. It pleases us to think that some afternoon this summer some gallant subscriber of this Review may be having "tea served in the bookroom." Mr. Hunt's advice is:—

Take the train, after breakfast, from Charing Cross, or London Bridge, or Cannon Street to Tunbridge Wells. A post card will ensure your being met at the station and driven to the Sign of the Huntsman. Or if you prefer to be unannounced and independent the 'buses run every ten minutes from the station to Southborough Common.

Once on the premises, you may browse undisturbed until lunch in a seventeenth century farm house nearby.

Then if your craving for first editions is sufficiently appeased, let us drive you out to Penshurst Place, the ancient castellated residence of the Sidneys, all the treasures of which are open to public inspection several days a week. Or to the site of the old residence of William Penn, or to the Pantiles, where you may "take the waters" of Tunbridge Wells as Johnson and Beau Nash did in their day. (Rumour whispers that it was only the tonic effects of the Tunbridge wells that enabled Johnson to run some of his longest sentences up against a period!)

If you prefer to remain among the books, afternoon tea can be served in the bookroom at whatever hour you please.

American customers who came to see us last season will revisit the Sign of the Huntsman as a matter of course. Whether you are a wholesale trade buyer or a private individual seeking books for personal study, you are heartily welcome.

* * *

PRIZE COMPETITION!

Just by chance the other day I came across one of the SATURDAY REVIEW's printed regrets: viz. the formal slip which has to perform the uncomfortable task of declining a contribution. It seemed to me that it was not particularly felicitous in phrase; it is adequate in polite formality but a magazine supposedly specializing in the graces of rhetoric should hope to be unusually nice in so delicate a message.

The printed slip now in existence speaks thus:—

The Editors of *The Saturday Review of Literature* regret that the inclosed manuscript has not proved available for publication. They appreciate its merits and wish to thank the author for submitting it.

I should like to see a better Rejection Slip than that, and will offer an appropriate (but at present indeterminate) Reward for the best brief statement submitted for the purpose. I do not mean anything humorous, for a judicious formula of declination is a wholly serious problem for an Editor. Please address any suggestions in this matter to Miss Loveman, c/o the SATURDAY REVIEW, and do not expect too prompt a decision as I shall of course submit my favorites to the rigors of the rusticating Editor.

* * *

Francis F. Davis writes that he has discovered flaws in the formula we printed for determining the date of Easter. He encloses some reckonings (which we have not checked) apparently showing it fallacious; he concludes that the formula was "probably never invented by Gauss."

We will go over the figures Mr. Davis encloses when opportunity serves; in the meantime it seems only honorable to put his caveat on file here.

* * *

I have often wondered how the Idle Hour Book Shop, in Trenton, N. J., got along. Mrs. J. L. Bodine of that city kindly sent me a clipping of its opening advertisement, in 1927, which had a spirit of unusual liveliness. This was its ejaculation in the Trenton *Times*—

From the Panchatantra to Confucius; from Homer to Darwin to Jesus & H. L. Mencken to Elmer Gantry—we know our onions!

No whimpering sales-clerks to push out overstock. . . . The Idle Hour Bookshop knows all the books it sells and rents out.

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Join up at the
IDLE HOUR BOOK SHOP
19 S. Warren Street
Just Below State—Open Every Evening

* * *

We do not often remark upon books not yet published, but there are two quite singular novels on the way which will cause large surprises. One is *I Am Jonathan Scrivener* by Claude Houghton; the other ***Seed on the Wind*** by Rex Stout. The latter particularly is likely to cause some holding up of hands.

* * *

At the top of the 34th Street escalator on the Long Island side of the Pennsylvania Station is a large box, in facsimile of a gigantic book, for the deposit of gifts to the Merchant Marine Library Association. The rhyme painted on the box is not unworthy of commemoration for its pleasing naivété:—

The Men of the Sea crave books to read
To while the weary hours away.
Will you Help to Fill this Crying Need
And leave a "Book" as you Pass Today?

If the M. M. L. A. cares to give us a list of some of the books dropped into that box we'd be much interested.

Speaking of "books" in quotation-marks, as above, there are match-books. There was a curious pang, while lighting a pipe, to notice that the folder of matches was printed in solemn black and gold and bore the legend Stephen Merritt Burial and Cremation Co., and a rather depressing photo of Rev. Stephen Merritt with the subscript SAFETY FIRST.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

The Green Mountain Boy

ETHAN ALLEN. By JOHN PELL. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1930. $5.

Reviewed by WILLIAM MACDONALD

MR. PELL has written what is doubtless the best life of Ethan Allen that we have, and in so doing has made a contribution of importance to the history of Vermont and the American Revolution. Of Allen himself the picture is colorful, as was his career. Born in Litchfield, Connecticut, in 1738, of English stock, Allen saw a little fighting against French and Indians in 1757, then turned to mining ventures in Connecticut and Massachusetts, and after the peace of 1763 went to what was later Vermont, where he jumped quickly into the thick of the controversy between the settlers and New Hampshire and New York over jurisdiction of the region, and after organizing and directing the exploits of the Green Mountain Boys became formally their commander. Mixed with the rough and ready handling, often picturesque, of the New York intruders went a good deal of activity in land speculation in which his brother, Ira, also joined.

The capture of the British fort at Ticonderoga, shortly after the battles of Lexington and Concord, is, of course, the best known and most theatrical of Allen's exploits. Mr. Pell is disposed to accept as authentic the famous "In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress" with which Allen is said to have demanded the surrender of the fort, on the ground that "a man's statement of his own words should be accepted unless there is conclusive evidence to the contrary or unless the man is an habitual liar." Allen was not a liar, and there is at least no evidence that disproves his form of words. He was less lucky a year or two later when, in a wild foray against Montreal, he was forced to surrender, was sent a prisoner to England and thence back to America, and remained a captive on Long Island until early in 1778, when he was exchanged. As soon as he was free he paid a visit to Washington at Valley Forge, then returned to Vermont.

From this point Allen's career was both stormy and devious. The refusal of Congress to recognize Vermont as a State in the face of the opposition of New York and New Hampshire led to the formation in Vermont of an independent government, between which and New York, and to a lesser extent with Congress, there was persistent hostility until 1790, when statehood was finally attained. Allen held no civil office under the interim government, but he headed the militia and took a hand in such politics as came his way. Before long, however, he became entangled in the British intrigue which aimed to detach Vermont from the Union. The affair was obscure, and even Mr. Pell's laborious researches do not make it clear whether Allen and his handful of associates really intended to accept the British overtures, or whether they played with the suggestion as a means of forcing the hand of Congress and securing the admission of Vermont as a State. There is no question that Allen was rather widely regarded at the time as a Tory at heart, and the outlook was decidedly dangerous when the preliminary peace of 1781 abruptly ended the episode. One more opportunity for theatrical display came in 1786, when he visited the Wyoming Region of Pennsylvania where an independent movement was being agitated. In Vermont he was land poor, and times had changed, but he was still a popular hero when, in 1789, he suddenly died, alone with a Negro servant, while returning on the ice from South Hero to the mainland with an ox-load of hay. Six platoons of soldiers fired volleys over his grave, and his friends recalled that he had once told them that "he expected to live again in the form of a large white horse."

Mr. Pell has ransacked the sources, and lumped his authorities in an appendix which serves well enough for verification if one will take the trouble to use it. A lively style, reinforced by occasional appeals to the imagination, makes the book very easy reading.

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BOOKS OF SPECIAL INTEREST

The Hero of "The Dunciad"

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF COLLEY CIBBER. By F. DOROTHY SENIOR. New York: Rae D. Henkle Co. 1930. $5.

Reviewed by ALLARDYCE NICOLL

COLLEY CIBBER well deserves a biographer. He is known to posterity by his own "Apology," published in 1740, and by Pope's bitter and ill-natured attack upon him in "The Dunciad." A few enthusiasts may go to "The Careless Husband" and the other plays, but fundamentally the common picture of the man and the ordinary interpretation of his character are founded upon these two works. Pope's "Dunciad," however, is manifestly unfair—to Cibber, to Theobald, and to the other "dunces" with whom the poet had quarrelled—while the "Apology" is not only sometimes inaccurate in matter of fact, it is after all an autobiography which has to be tested by comparison with the records of Cibber's friends and enemies. Considering this, we realize that Miss Senior need have presented no formal "apology" for the writing of her book.

A biography of such an important character as Cibber was in his own times, on the other hand, ought to have been as exhaustive and detailed as the extant information allowed; and here Miss Senior's book fails. Her sources are for the most part well known, and she herself confesses that she has "shed" no "new light" on her subject. While one may not positively demand the shedding of new light on Cibber, one expects that in a work of this kind at least all the available material should have been surveyed. Miss Senior's bibliography leaves several very serious gaps; surely one would have expected to find there mention at least of Birnbaum's excellent study on "The Drama of Sensibility" and Thaler's well-informed survey, "Shakespeare to Sheridan," not to mention such works as Beljame's "Le Public et les Hommes de Lettres en Angleterre au Dix-huitième Siècle" and Croissant's "Studies in the Work of Colley Cibber." Had Miss Senior's essay been devoted to a wide field of literary activity the omission of some relevant material would have been pardonable, if not absolutely inevitable; but after all, her scope here is a narrow one, and the reader might expect to find that the whole ground had been adequately covered. The actuality is that most of Miss Senior's facts are simply taken over, uncritically, from one or another well known authority. Thus, her "Chronology of Cibber's Literary Works" is rendered hopelessly out of date. "Love's Last Shift" was not published before production; "Woman's Wit" appeared in 1696, "Love Makes a Man" in 1700, "The Lady's Last Stake" in 1707, "Hob" in 1711, "Myrtillo" in 1715, while the dates of publication of at least four plays seem to be wrong. In the biography of an individual author these are indeed serious blemishes, and similar lapses are to be discovered throughout the body of the book. Even the apparently new material is rendered useless by a certain carelessness of handling. A comparison of Vanbrugh's letter of February 24, 1708 (given by Miss Senior on page 51) with the transcript of the original in Geoffrey Webb's recent recension of the letters of that author will show that Miss Senior has not been at the trouble to check the source from which she has taken her material.

It may appear ungracious to call attention to these shortcomings, but it is necessary to do so since this book is not merely an "Esasy" on Cibber but "The Life and Times" of Cibber, and one therefore expects from it more of accuracy and more of research than is here provided. In general, Miss Senior's book makes good reading—but not such good reading as the original "Apology" by Cibber himself. Cibber was a man of buoyancy and distinction, and his spirit laughs in these pages of anecdote, just as it laughs in the pages of his own autobiography. Miss Senior's claim that he was a man of some considerable importance is one that can heartily be endorsed. Without the wit of Farquhar or the pregnant pen of Swift he yet took his place in that brilliant society which flourished in the reign of Queen Anne. His own plays, notably "She Wou'd and She Wou'd Not" and "The Careless Husband"—the latter of which forms an appendix to this volume—prove that he had undoubted literary gifts, not unworthy of comparison with those of more famous authors; and as an actor, according to contemporaries, he was inimitable in certain parts. "The Life and Times of Colley Cibber" is unquestionably a subject of interest and value. One only regrets that, in essaying it, Miss Senior did not seek to make her study the final one by engaging in original research and by amassing all that could possibly be discovered concerning the most good natured and humorous man whom another has ever labelled as a dunce.

Union and Progress

UNITING EUROPE. By WILLIAM E. RAPPARD. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1930. $3.

NATIONALISM AND INTERNATIONALISM. By HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 1930. $2.

A WORLD COMMUNITY. By JOHN HERMAN RANDALL. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 1930. $2.50.

THE UNITED STATES OF THE WORLD. By OSCAR NEWFANG. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by HENRY KITTREDGE NORTON

IF the making of books on world unity will bring us together we should be making rapid progress. Here are four samples from an endless and seemingly unending list. One can hardly avoid a semi-cynical query as to who reads them all and what comes of the reading.

Mr. Newfang's formula is simple, though propounded with magniloquence and a considerable show of learning. Laboriously he points out one after another the parallels between the United States under the Articles of Confederation and the League of Nations under the existing Covenant. The shortcomings of one are the shortcomings of the other.

And his solution is as brilliant as it is obvious—and no more so. The League has but to follow our example, replace its loosely articulated Covenant with a closely knit constitution, placing the real power in the new super-government, and presto! the macrocosm of the world becomes as great and grand and glorious—and probably as prosperous—as the microcosm of the United States.

Such splendid detachment is awe inspiring. It permits the conversion of analogies into working hypotheses with magnificent disregard of discrepancies. New York and Georgia, Massachusetts and South Carolina entered a federal union. Why cannot the British Empire and Paraguay, Japan and Latvia do likewise? Mr. Newfang sees no reason why they should not, and therefore he wrote this book. Others, to whom such a proceeding seems equally simple, may enjoy reading it.

Dr. Randall offers us an extended sermon upon internationalism. In that it deals with an attitude rather than a program it is more inspiring and more useful than Mr. Newfang's effort. Yet somehow it fails to satisfy. The statements to which exception can fairly be taken are indeed few. But the book does not come to grips with the problems it discusses.

A possible reason for this is disclosed by the bibliography which follows the text. An overwhelming majority of the books mentioned are the work of vocational liberals. It is perfectly possible for such men to weave paragraphs of splendid precept *ad infinitum* and to ape the manner of scholarship by scrupulous citation of each other's works. But the fact that three or four or a hundred of them agree in their denunciation of some existing reality or the desirability of some millenial substitute helps not an iota to bring their thought out of the ideal world and into contact with the world of realities.

If Dr. Randall would read, ponder, and digest the work of men who approach international problems from the factual side—such men as Isaiah Bowman, Nicholas Roosevelt, and Ludwell Denny—and show a practical way out of the problems they describe, he would make a most valuable contribution to the building of a world unity.

Herbert Adams Gibbons has written some brilliant interpretations of modern history and contemporary politics. He was therefore invited to lecture before the Institute of World Unity under the auspices of Dr. Randall. These lectures took the form of a summary of much of Mr. Gibbons's previous work in modern history with a running commentary by way of connecting it with his subject of nationalism and internationalism. Their publication in book form makes another readable volume on modern history but adds nothing significant to either our knowledge or our understanding.

Professor Rappard's book offers in such company a striking example of a constructive approach to the same problems that are considered in the other volumes. Professor Rappard is less ambitious than the other authors, and as a result makes more progress. He does not try to plot the whole of the unknown path to the millennium but contents himself with a careful exploration of that part of it which can be explored. His long experience in and about the League of Nations and other centers of international coöperation has quickened his sense of proportion and given validity to his estimate of what is practical and what is merely sentimental.

Professor Rappard's discussions of the post-war evolution of Europe and of the methods and results of international cooperation never wanders from the tanglible facts. His liberalism, his desire for peace and progress, is beyond cavil. Yet instead of leaving us in a rose-tinted ethereal world, he leaves us with a conviction that affairs are moving and withal in the right direction. What is more, he leaves us with some specific indication as to the practical steps which are ahead. His volume is worth a dozen philosophical dissertations upon the intangible glories of world unity.

For the Defendant

WHAT'S RIGHT WITH AMERICA: A Record of a Tour in the United States, with Political, Social, Economic, and Literary Comments. By SISLEY HUDDLESTON. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by HENRY WALCOTT BOYNTON

ALMOST by profession Sisley Huddleston is a Briton abroad. Most of his journalistic years have been spent in Paris, and he has written with much particularity of French places, ideas, and institutions. He is even a sort of authority in that field, probably knowing more at first hand about France and the French than any other journalist of his generation. He has published a dozen books about France,—a normal product of his special saturation.

His new book about America is of more adventitious origin. Until recently he has known Americans but not America. Last year an American journal asked him to come over, "and to avail myself of the opportunity of seeing many of the representative cities, and meeting many of the representative men and women, politicians, writers, philosophers, sociologists, professors, editors, business magnates, and taxicab drivers." He has seen these places and people and set down his impressions and reactions: and here they are.

The book is hopefully titled and modestly subtitled. It discusses, in one place, the perennial mystery of America's insatiable appetite for European opinion — any opinion. Everywhere the visitor found himself obliged (and it was his only obligation) to stand and deliver his impression of us. England, he says, does not care what the visiting American thinks of her, nor does any European country, though sometimes a flattering gesture of interest in our opinion is made. But with us it is still the burning question: "What do you think of America?" Perhaps this visitor should not infer that all our guests are asked it as often as he was. He came here as a chiel taking notes, everybody knew his errand, and it was natural to inquire in a friendly way how he was getting on.

What *does* he think of America? He chooses to answer the question, as his title suggests, all on the affirmative side. This book frankly gives the argument for the defendant, the advocate deliberately lays on his rose color. The darker side, he says, has been stressed more than enough. During his visit among us he met neither gunman nor bootlegger, therefore he is ready to assume that their importance has been greatly exaggerated. To the suggestion that a foreign observer who really means to see us as we are, in this present phase, would find these gentry at least as important as professors and taxicab drivers, Mr. Huddleston would doubtless reply that they are not a part of what's right with America and are therefore non-existent for his purpose. But it is extraordinary how small a part alcohol seems to have had in the America of his purview. Did he wear blinders? was he convoyed by some expert of the Anti-Saloon league? His only allusion to prohibition comes at the very end of the book, in a list of reasons why the traveller liked and admired America:

> Because prohibition, despite the speakeasies in certain large cities, and the bootleggers, has made of the overwhelming majority of Americans a sober people. the insignificant minority of clandestine drinkers does not include the workers, the farmers, the bulk of business and professional men, the serious youth of the nation—in short the essential part of the race which is happy to be rid of alcoholism.

When the ostrich makes his fabled gesture of denial he too, no doubt, is full of rosy optimism and good cheer. Maybe all this is valuable publicity for our oft-abused land, but it is disconcerting. It snatches the whiskers off the villain, and he feels cheap. Where are our pet shames and abominations? Are we not, after all, the most lawless people on the face of the earth? Can it be that our Senate is a species of friendly debating club full of low voiced an ous and altogether reasonable ge And listen to this—another flatter tion gone up in smoke—if we are noisiest and hastiest people going, where *do* we come in?

> . . . The legend of business hustle has no real foundations, New York struck me as an especially leisurely city. It was not easy for me to adjust myself to the slower tempo of movement. To an interviewer I facetiously remarked that I was taking a rest cure in New York after a busy time in Europe.

Mr. Huddleston traveled many thousand miles in America, and everywhere found things and places to admire. A virtuous and hard working Hollywood, a smokeless Pittsburgh, a marvelously well planned Chicago. "The American home invariably is harmoniously arranged." On the theme of apple pie he rises to a sustained note of lyricism.

As for his impression of our national meaning, it boils down to one achievement, which he calls the "industrial revolution." He exalts this, he fondles it, returning to it again and again: our discovery that low costs and high wages, not cheap labor and high profit for the few, are the secret of real prosperity.

Lithographic Processes

LITHOGRAPHY FOR ARTISTS. By BOLTON BROWN. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1930. $4.

IT is a good habit of the Chicago Art Institute to invite distinguished artists to give practical talks to its students of art. A year ago this pleasant billet fell to the most resourceful of American lithographers, Bolton Brown. The standard processes are succinctly described and specifically illustrated by the author's lithographs, the main technical information being printed on the tissue guard. Nothing more convenient for the student can be imagined. Notable among processes invented by Mr. Brown himself is a kind of *retroussage* effected by bathing a stone drawn with a crayon made mostly of Castile soap with a solution of starch and sugar. This effects a distribution of tone which the great lithographer, T. R. Way, declared impossible. We ourselves are no technician, but it is clear even to a layman that so clear and rich an account of processes old and new must be most valuable to a practitioner. The book is a well printed in quarto.

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Round about Parnassus

By William Rose Benét

"POETRY at Present" is the title of a book by Charles Williams which comes from England and is published over here by the American branch of the Oxford University Press. It is meant as an introduction to the works of certain contemporary poets. From the preface we gather that Mr. Williams profoundly respects the work of T. S. Eliot, though he does not understand it, and considers Robert Bridges's "The Testament of Beauty" a poem hardly rivalled by a Laureate writing while in office. He treats in the ensuing pages of Hardy, Bridges, Housman, Kipling, Yeats, Davies, de la Mare, Chesterton, Masefield, Hodgson, Gibson, Abercrombie, Eliot, the Sitwells, Graves, and Blunden,—which represents *English* poetry, not of the immediate present, with Eliot the only American included,—and that because the English have now quite taken him over as a literary figure, as they did Henry James. All Poetry at Present—a choice of examples from it—would be something quite different. The late Thomas Hardy, good as he was at his best, most certainly does not represent the poetry of the hour. Kipling is anything but a contemporary in poetry. Gibson and Abercrombie are distinctly of the Georgians. Davies had done his best some years ago. Blunden has now mainly turned to prose. Housman, though eternal, is also out of all particular time. Chesterton has thundered his best. Masefield has written his greatest work. This then, is retrospect, chiefly, rather than a view of the present scene, which is, indeed, not nearly so enheartening as when, just before the war, most of those included here were in full choir. In fact, the work of the Sitwells, Eliot's influence, and the later work of Graves is the only work that could properly come under the title "Poetry at Present." William Butler Yeats, probably the best poet now living in the world, is gathered into Collected Works. The small and perfect song of Ralph Hodgson surprised us with its ecstasy and scorn some fifteen years ago. No, we cannot grant Mr. Williams his title. It is misleading. But let us see what he has to say of the best English singers—with one American—of the early twentieth century.

Immediately we are aware in his first essay on Hardy that when he speaks of the Wessex master's bullying of words that still seem to "delight to be employed even against their nature," and of his "deliberate meiosis, . . . preferred inadequacy," he has got at the root of the matter. The calculated clumsiness of Hardy's phrase—or perhaps it were better to say a clumsiness so part and parcel of its effectiveness—is known to us all, but is shrewdly examined here. "Existences which are mocked by time and circumstance," in Mr. Williams's phrase are what Hardy has shown us in his poetry in great variety, but a more original estimate follows when the essayist avers of the poet's mind

> . . . a mind not unlike Shelley's in its hunger for the victory of peace and joy in a belligerent and disconsolate world, a romantic mind. But where Shelley satisfied his craving by creating *that victory out of his own mind*, Hardy has satisfied it by creating out of his own emotional protest a world where all protest is valueless. It is this largeness of creation which has made him so much more than he might at first seem to be.

Again he says, and skewers the truth with a sentence, "No other poet has been more prosaic when most poetic."

A second proof of Mr. Williams's acumen occurs in his second essay, on Bridges, when he remarks of the late Laureate's verse, "It is a marvellous training for the ear."

> . . . poem after poem in the *Shorter Poems* contains the most delicate rhythms, the most exquisite play of pauses, stresses, and variations.

And when he speaks of Housman having "restored the love between friends to something approaching its right place" and managing "so well what may be called 'the traditional-poetic' and the 'colloquial-poetic,'" we find ourselves in entire agreement, as with the statement that "Housman keeps his poems as free from superfluity as Landor's."

To get at the main characteristics of poets so *different* as Kipling and Yeats, and so convincingly as does Williams when he says on the one hand, "Mr. Kipling . . . is the nearest to a Mahommedan poet that the English have produced. . . . Mr. Kipling is passionately in love with the law," and on the other, of Yeats, "He has given to English verse, and made native to it, a new mythology," is acute appraisal. There are certain virtues and faults in both poets, to be sure, that we could have wished more clearly defined, particularly in the case of Kipling, and yet, on the whole that essay is the most generous, as well as the most just, that we have read by a modern on—for all his faults—this particular old master. In the paper on Davies our critic spears the essentials of two poets at once in one sentence when he remarks, "Mr. Davies has shown us man being what Mr. Chesterton has told us he ought to be—surprised." There indeed are the "messages" of Davies and of Chesterton, at one and the same time, complete. Such writing is truly sapient.

Withal we find De la Mare justly dealt with, though there is more to say than Mr. Williams has had to say. In the essay on Chesterton proper praise is given to "The Ballad of the White Horse," which is certainly one of the great narrative poems of our age, along with Masefield's "Reynard the Fox." And the following is so true of Masefield, as is, indeed, the criticism of the worst in his narratives and of the waning convincingness of "The Everlasting Mercy."

Sometimes when Mr. Masefield is trying to be realistic he is capable of doing dreadful things. But in other verses, and chiefly where a certain fantasy is involved, he has made convincing work—the poem where Pompey's ghost comes riding to Cæsar's house by night, or that where Saint Withiel flees from the hounds of hell, or that of the false O'Neill.

This is, indeed, something about the new Laureate's work that many critics have omitted to say. "Where a certain fantasy is involved!" Because Masefield has been so much touted as the poet of realistic narrative *the average reader has forgotten that*, save in special instances, of which "Dauber" and "Reynard" are the greatest, his large achievement has lain in the recreation of legend as well as in the realm of pure speculation, *vide* the sonnets.

The fact of "There we are and there is very little to say about it,"—except to praise,—which faces one when one is confronted by the small sheaf of perfection that is Hodgson's verse, is compared by Mr. Williams to the spectacle of Giotto's famous circle when it was first drawn. We have omitted to say so far that after every essay the essayist has placed for "End Piece" a poem of his own fashioning reflecting the spirit and nature of the poetry he has been examining. For Hodgson, here is the first verse of his summary:

Innocence in the garden,
innocence in the wild;
innocence taken,
beaten, defiled.
Ah it dies
through the heart's wound and the deadened eyes.

And the second verse ends

Ah woe
that innocence must perish so!

Wilfrid Gibson is easy to explain and Lascelles Abercrombie difficult, and with the latter Mr. Williams, in our opinion, does only about as well as with the former.

But here again is perspicacity. In commenting upon Mr. Eliot's modernization of Goldsmith's lovely woman stooping to folly, in "The Waste Land," the critic is as delightful as he is accurate:

> How much more satisfactory, to us who live in it, is the recognition of the way things happen in this almost automatic hell, than any attempt to impose morality on it and to wring significance from it. . . . If there is significance here it at least arises from a just recognition of the facts—"unreproved if undesired."

The Sitwells should like Mr. Williams's deft appraisal of them, and we ourselves have much enjoyed his side remark on Edith Sitwell and her brother Sacheverell that "the unicorn pursues these poets so determinedly that he will gallop himself out of English verse for awhile." Here is a fairly traditional critic who can yet appreciate harlequinade, as he can appreciate the deep humors of Osbert Sitwell's "England Reclaimed," a favorite book of ours,—as, indeed, he appreciates the fabulousness of the earlier Robert Graves.

In closing, he speaks, writing of Edmund Blunden, of "the dulness which Mr. Blunden has made interesting," and quotes his great line, "All things they have in common, being so poor," from "Almswomen." It is really unpardonable to end this examination of ours with another note of agreement, and yet we must. We think "the dulness which Mr. Blunden has made interesting," just about the best thing that has yet been said concerning this notable writer's poetry. And that he *has* succeeded in making it interesting, considering his detachment, is certainly praise.

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON

Portrait of the Artist as American

¶In studying the careers of Henry James, Whistler, Emily Dickinson, Henry Adams, Ambrose Bierce, Lafcadio Hearn and Stephen Crane, Mr. Josephson has revealed the disillusion and defeat in their lives. Their tragedies, disclosed in their private writings, prove that the artist did not exist as American, but as recluse, as ex-patriate, or was driven to forsake his career. The dilemma of the American artist still persists, is even intensified. Whether or not you agree with Mr. Josephson that the growth of American civilization has meant an increasing exodus of talent and genius from the United States, his brilliant, searching study cannot be ignored. William Soskin says, "As a portrait of these retreating artists and as a valid re-creation of their background, it is a superb piece of work. It will give you a more accurate and meaningful interpretation of the period than will an entire library of historical records." Genevieve Taggard wrote in *Books*, "Cumulative and convincing. Mr. Josephson makes the present grow terrifyingly from the past." "There is a topsy-turvy condition in America," says John Chamberlain in the *Forum*. "How to enshrine humane rather than economic values—such is our problem. The task may well seem hopeless, but the simple fact that such books as Mr. Josephson's are being written is a light in the eastern sky."

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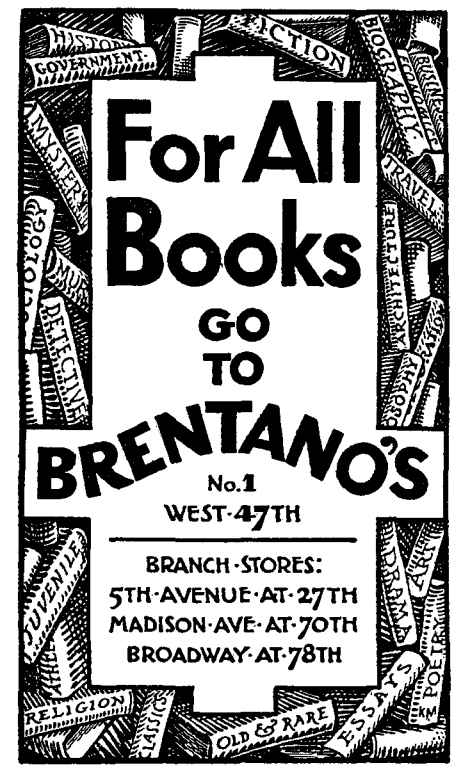

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A Letter from the Northwest

By CAREY MCWILLIAMS

IN such focal points of artistic interest as Taos, Carmel, and the Northwest, a sharp antagonism is apparent between two clearly defined theories of western culture. On the one hand there is the attitude, inherited from an earlier day, that the West is a forbidding landscape which, if it is to be saved, must be transformed into an orderly Eastern garden. This group is committed to the creed that Western artists should imitate the prevailing standards elsewhere, and that a civilized—and by this is generally meant "an urban"—point of view should be foisted upon its local talent. They are fond of saying that there is nothing peculiarly indigenous about Western art and that standards acceptable in London have an equal value in Seattle or Los Angeles. Contrasted with this group is a rebellious minority that vociferously tote the banners of "regional culture." Cynical observers claim that "regional culture" is nothing more or less than an outgrowth of the local poetess complex, but frankness enjoins a more encouraging attitude. The conflict between the two theories is most apparent where interest in the arts is active, and, today, the Northwest bids fair to assume the cultural leadership of the West.

The sophisticated point of view, the attitude of those who regard residence in the West as merely a makeshift existence, a period of resuscitation between intervals in New York and Europe, is represented by the University of Washington series of Chapbooks, ably edited by Glenn Hughes. These delightful chapbooks brook comparison with the latest number of *The Criterion's Miscellany*. Its list includes such names as Pierre Loving, Bonamy Dobrée, Barrett Clark, Herbert Read, Richard Aldington, John Gould Fletcher, and Ezra Pound. In their saucy jackets and seductive type, they have "about as much to do with the living Northwest as wire bustles," to use the energetic phrase of one young Western writer. It is true that some of the best volumes in the series have been written by University of Washington men—Herbert H. Gowen, Joseph Harrison, the late Vernon Parington, Allen Rogers Benham, Edward Wagenknecht, and Glenn Hughes—but these volumes (with the possible exception of Professor Gowen's and Glenn Hughes's contributions) contain the tacit boast that there is nothing provincial about the University of Washington. The series is, in other words, completely delocalized.

The work of Herbert H. Gowen, Dean of Oriental Studies at the University of Washington, is a notable exception to the otherwise extremely eclectic editorial policy of the chapbooks. Professor Gowen, who is the author of several distinguished histories of the Orient, sees the Northwest as the first pioneers saw it when it was made a part of the United States in 1842—the road to the Orient, the passage to India. He has devoted his life and scholarship to keeping the Northwest as informed on Oriental thought and learning as on Oriental merchandise. He has written two of the most interesting chapbooks: "A Precursor of Perry, or The Story of Takano Nagahide," and "The Journal of Kenko." And the most successful of the chapbooks that has been published, of this date, is "Three Women Poets of Japan," a book of translations which, like its companion volume, "Fifteen Poets of Modern Japan," is the work of Glenn Hughes and Yozan T. Iwasaki, a Japanese merchant living in Seattle. These books, and the fine work of Ken Nakazawa, formerly of the University of Oregon and now instructor of Japanese Art and Philosophy at the University of Southern California, mark the definite reappearance in Western literature of an Oriental influence that was lost with the exodus of Yone Noguchi from the heights above Oakland, where he lived with Joaquin Miller. When the Orient is interpreted in this manner, not as a remote and exotic world infinitely removed from the West, but as actively related to its life and development, it offers an inexhaustibly rich field. Glenn Hughes has pointed the way, again, with his "Three Modern Japanese Plays."

The chapbooks, *en passant*, have an interesting history. Professor Hughes was formerly in charge of the department of dramatic art and, to encourage the work of his students, he decided to publish a series of plays. The experiment was so successful that he began the publication of the chapbooks, with the thought of drawing out the more active members of the faculty, but the initial aim was soon abandoned. The chapbooks, while published by the University of Washington Press, are controlled entirely by Mr. Hughes and are self-supporting. Since March of 1927, Mr. Hughes has been publishing a chapbook every month; the list is now quite impressive. Mr. Hughes was abroad on a Guggenheim fellowship recently, working on a history of the Imagist Movement (which is to be published soon by the Stanford University Press), and certain chapbooks are definitely related to his interest in the Imagists, as witness the volumes by Pound, Fletcher, Aldington, and Hulme.

The left wing faction in the Northwest boasts, as its more representative figures, James Stevens and H. L. Davis. "Paul Bunyan" is perhaps the finest piece of imaginative prose that has come out of the Northwest; it has already become a Western classic. Of even more significance, so some of us think, is "Brawnyman," which will require the passage of a decade for its significance to become generally apparent. Esther Shephard, who lives in Seattle, has written another "Paul Bunyan" of considerable interest. H. L. Davis revels in the life of the Northwest, past and present. He embraces it with a gusto quite free from the usual condescension with which most Western writers view their locale. He was born in Yoncalla, Oregon, and has known Western life as a crop hand, railroad gandy dancer, deputy sheriff, cattle man, sheepherder, and county assessor. He asserts rather strenuously that "the past century of settlement and conquest in the Oregon country was a greater historical epoch than the migrations of the Israelites from Egypt, and it has for the most part been written up with the same sentimentality." At present Mr. Davis lives in Arizona, and is at work on a collection of poems to be published this year under the title "Breaks of the High Desert," and a volume of short stories and sketches: "Team-Bells Woke Me." He has a novel, also, nearing completion which deals with the story of Eastern Oregon: "The Cranky Woman's Mare."

But this attitude, this organic cultural development, finds reflection not only in such protégés of Mr. Mencken as Davis and Stevens, but in the splendid work being done at the University of Montana in a magazine called *The Frontier*, "an avowedly regional magazine portraying Northwest life accurately." Its policy is to cultivate diligently the seeds of a living literature—I am paraphrasing its own announcements—and it is exclusively Northwestern in character. It is edited by Professor H. G. Merriam. Strangely enough, Mr. Merriam, the apostle of regional culture in the Northwest, is an Oxford man, while Glenn Hughes is a graduate of Stanford! Mr. Merriam's associates are Brassil Fitzgerald and Mrs. Grace Stone Coates, who lives in Martinsdale, Montana. James Stevens is a contributing editor as are Frank B. Linderman, H. L. Davis, and Lew Sarett. Linderman's "American," recently published by the John Day Company, is considered one of the best books on the Indian ever written, true to Indian psychology and culture.

The Frontier is easily the most interesting magazine in the Northwest. A unique feature is its historical section. Each issue carries about twenty pages of hitherto unpublished material about the Northwest. This material is reprinted and distributed to historical libraries and to historians and to college libraries. As might be expected, much of the fiction published in *The Frontier* is rough, unsteady, and formless, but its vigor is unmistakable. Beneath most of its stories, poems, and sketches one can detect the note of a determined and powerful revolt. If Mr. Merriam continues with his work, it is easy to foresee that the Northwest will become a fairly civilized and habitable section. In recent issues of *The Frontier* appeared two sketches: "Peacock," by Muriel Nichols McKay, and "Prelude to a Picaresque Novel," by Ted Olson, that deserve wide recognition. Mr. O'Brien, the official literary rater and prize awarder, ranked *The Frontier* seventh for excellence in fiction during the last year, that is to say, above the *Atlantic*, *Century*, *Scribner's*, *The American Mercury*, and *Plain Talk*. The University of Montana with the publication of *The Frontier* has taken the lead in the Northwest. The University of Oregon attempts to do nothing of the sort and would be forgotten were it not for the presence of Ernest Sutherland Bates.

The activities which have been hastily sketched in this letter form but a part of the really amazing development of the Northwest. Let me quote from the letter of a correspondent closely in touch with the region: "History, folklore, and traditions are another branch picked on by enormous mobs of people for research, enlargement, and rhapsody. Interest in these things amounts to a public obsession. From it has come some books of real writing and real scholarship. L. A. McArthur's 'Oregon Geographic Names' is more entertaining reading than a novel. I have never seen any history of the United States to compare for knowledge, organization, and adequate writing that is neither pretentious nor dry, with Charles H. Carey's 'History of Oregon.'" Both of these men, by the way, live in Portland. Poetry is cultivated with almost lustful ardor in the Northwest. And, from this interest in writing have come some excellent books, notably Nard Jones's "Oregon Detour" and "Captains All," by A. R. Wetjen, to which might be added the historical novels of Mrs. Sheba Hargreaves. In Seattle is published a trade magazine, *The West Coast Lumberman*, edited by a most witty and amusing editor, William W. Woodbridge, which ranks above the smartest society publications in Los Angeles for interest, good writing, and pertinency. Will James lives on his ranch near Prior, Montana. His cowboy articles and sketches continue to enjoy great popularity.

Canada seems to lag behind the rest of the Northwest. Why hasn't a first rate novel come out of Vancouver or Victoria? There must be a Morley Callaghan in Victoria. Constance Lindsay Skinner seems to have been the last writer to emerge from the region of Vancouver. The most distinguished literary man in British Columbia is Frederick Niven, who lives at Willow Point, Nelson, B. C. Those who have read Niven's "Justice of the Peace," published in this country by Liveright, with an introduction by Mr. Morley, will agree that, despite a certain sentimentality in the last chapters, it is one of the finest contemporary novels. Mr. Niven's latest novel, "The Three Marys," published recently by Collins, is receiving notices in the British press. He has just finished a post-war novel, "The Paisley Shawl," which will be published soon by Collins. He visits Seattle and Vancouver but seldom; Spokane attracted him frequently when Vachel Lindsay lived there. Mr. Niven has lived in British Columbia since 1920, when he came West for a few months vacation. He has stayed on "because of the appeal of the mountains and the lakes and having found that I can get books round me among these scenes."

Sainte-Beuve

M. GIRAUD says that he is writing for those who have never opened a volume of "Port-Royal"; to them his work will be an introduction and a stimulus to direct acquaintance, while to the initiated it will be a precious memento and commentary.

The introductory chapter is the least satisfying part of Mr. Giraud's work. In order to maintain the high standard of excellence of the rest, there is needed a portrait of Sainte-Beuve in his own manner; we miss precise details as to his early experiments and disillusions in literature and religion,—in particular as to his relations with Lamennais, too briefly sketched,—and a glimpse of his poetry. For "Port-Royal" is, of all his books, the one in which he put the most of himself. And, among other things, it is a history of religious psychology in the seventeenth century, studied with an increasing detachment. Mr. Giraud suggests that one reason for its inception was the author's desire to bid farewell to Christianity toward which he had felt a strong inclination. At least, while writing the book, he became aware of his own religious indifference. Here is a pregnant idea which might be pursued, by Sainte-Beuve's own method, across his biography. At another point M. Giraud asks whether the effort to escape from romanticism was without influence on the choice of an encyclopedic survey of the century classic *par excellence* as the subject of investigation. Decidedly M. Giraud's introduction needs expansion. Sainte-Beuve's own idea of his work is quoted from one of his letters: "My endeavor was less to make a history than a great portrait: a portrait of the monastery and of the society of *ces messieurs*, and within this, myriads of individual portraits and medallions."

M. Giraud points out the rôle of the poet, the psychologist, the infinitely curious and subtle critic in the construction of the great gallery. Hence the many digressions which the author introduces so cunningly: every aspect of his Protean mind sought and found expression in this work. We have here every essential trait of his genius and if the remainder of his production were lost, he would still hold his front rank among the world's outstanding critics. At the start he had turned to criticism as a *pis aller*: with "Port-Royal" his art takes its place among creative masterpieces.

The originality of the work is first in its attitude toward religious history—"a mingling of respectful sympathy and complete detachment," and second in its "treatment of history as a problem of psychology." These traits connect Sainte-Beuve closely with his two most eminent disciples, Renan and Taine, who first felt his influence and later imposed their own on him.

Before we have finished M. Giraud's volume we are convinced that he too has caught something of the spirit of tl whose "criticism is more than literary operation and more tha sleight of hand! it is the marrow losophy."

Isidore de Lara, the composer of "Messaline" and "Amy Robsart," has secured the operatic rights of "Trilby," George du Maurier's famous novel, and hopes to start on the music immediately. Some years ago Puccini intended to adapt the book, but gave the task up as hopeless.

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says SIMEON STRUNSKY in the NEW YORK TIMES, of

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By WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

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Points of View

John Dewey's Philosophy

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

After reading "A Modern Synthesis," by Mr. Lewis Mumford, printed in your issue of April 12th, I find myself confused concerning the points of view advanced in the writings of Dr. John Dewey. Mr. Mumford, in summarizing the philosophy of the New Mechanists, implies that he is presenting the essence of Dr. Dewey's outlook; and in this respect, I wonder if my understanding of the latter has been incorrect.

For instance, Mr. Mumford charges the New Mechanists (and hence Dr. Dewey) with concentrating "upon the external environment," looking "upon the physical fact as the abiding reality," and assuming "a craven posture in confronting the machine." Is Mr. Mumford speaking from the citadel of a dualist? If so, he has grounds for criticism. Otherwise, I fear that there are none. Dr. Dewey's naturalism embraces the concept of existence from which mind emerges. And the emergence of mind, of the power of reflective thought, delimits man's path to freedom and control from the perils of the universe. He would, as C. Judson Herrick does, call mind and reflective thought, natural functions of the human being who exists in a natural situation. This does not disturb the intricacies and subtleties of mental experience; it merely refers them to existence. In "How We Think," Dr. Dewey has specifically stated that freedom was to be achieved by thought; is this a craven posture? In "Experience and Nature," he makes an explicit confession of faith which again refutes Mr. Mumford's charge. Is Mr. Mumford protesting against the reference of experience to a situation of natural interaction? Secondly, is he misjudging the assumptions of the scientific attitude? Dr. Dewey is not insistent that the "control of Nature can be separated from the development and the expression of the human personality in society." In his acceptance of science, he realizes that certain problems requiring solution, demand isolation from dominant human motives. Whitehead makes the same statement in his "Introduction to Mathematics," first chapter. It does not make these problems facts exterior to existence, to man. It refers them back to human use on the human plane. And it does not lock them up in a Newtonian universe. In "The Quest for Certainty," for instance, Dr. Dewey explicitly criticizes the determinists and mechanists, who shoved nature outside of an interacting natural situation, making it a predetermined set of relationships. Such an attitude he set down as the reverse of the classic which makes of rational thought a predetermined set of relationships; and he reads both attitudes aside.

Mr. Mumford writes that we must "refurbish our ideologies." That is precisely what Dr. Dewey has been attempting to do. And is he wrong in doing it on a scientific basis? What method would Mr. Mumford substitute for that of scientific intelligence? We are committed to a technical age; and we can little hope to alter technological developments. What is left but to harmonize our moral and social culture to give our technical culture a human and widened significance? And why is philosophy, if brought to bear upon this problem, being placed in a "subaltern position" to science?

Perhaps Dr. Dewey is personally weak in esthetics. However, he is intellectually aware of its significance in human life. He is also aware that we produce to consume; that we explore to enrich meanings. And out of these enriched meanings he would construct values and the good. Perhaps there is one weakness in his "broad formulations," a slurring of the fact of diminishing returns. Progress in enriching life must shrink to inutility at some point along the line of development. However, the same is true from an esthetic or religious point of view. We can, and do, overemphasize these factors as well as the technical ones. What were the Middle Ages but a debauch of spirituality and other-wordliness, which needed several naturalistic centuries as a corrective?

Am I wrong in suspecting that Mr. Mumford's opposition to Dr. Dewey is principally one of temperament, that Mr. Mumford is inclined to think with moods that ache, nostalgiacally, for a religion and a vision of yesterday when life was secure and final (we who dream the dreams of the Golden Day); and that he is inclined to sentimentalize over the fact that life is a pretty rough voyage wherein human dreams and aspirations suffer from a little seasickness? As such, he would be basically opposed to one who accepts relativity and indeterminancy, who measures existence with scientific prudence, defines ideals in terms of possibilities, dismisses supernatural and superrational certainty with all the fading and gently glowing beams still effusing from these broken lanterns of hope. In brief, Dr. Dewey is a little hard-boiled.

I think Dr. Dewey has the most profound mind yet brought to bear upon the ills of our age. As such he demands considerable attention, even though consideration of him as a possible leader may be dismissed as the pastime of younger editors needing a sense of critical power and so on. There remains a matter of one or two wartime articles in the *New Republic* which constitute a major tragedy in the mental history of our times; withal, there is little most of us can say in criticism that will touch Dr. Dewey. If we transcend our nostalgia, our aches for religion, if we emerge from our tower of art, we can meet with a set of formulations well calculated to sanitate our times.

Granting Mr. Mumford's statement that the final stage of a process should be creation, can we not have creation resulting from a functionalized view of society? If we accept the opinion of Le Corbusier, the French architect, we are getting this in Russian architecture. Also we must consider closely the functions of art and esthetics as a two-sided process; and give each its proportions. Although we have gone to the poets for ages in the matter of love, it was the scientists who gave us relatively safe contraceptuals. In other words, the artists can be dangerous enemies of society when we accept them as formulators of our motivating principles. As an instance, see Jane Addams's description of her meeting with Tolstoy in her "Twenty Years at Hull House," or else read Whitman on love, and Emerson on Friendship.

JAMES T. FARRELL.

Chicago, Ill.

More on the Same

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Mr. Lewis Mumford has presented in his articles "A Modern Synthesis" such an admirably clear and intelligent statement of the fundamental conceptions of mechanistic philosophy, it is rather surprising that he should so completely misunderstand Mr. John Dewey's philosophy as to place it among the philosophies of the "New Mechanism." The "New Mechanism," according to Mr. Mumford, has as its basic ideology the following beliefs:

1. That our mechanical and industrial world (is) an independent realm like that of Nature: human needs, human desires and wishes, human standards (are) secondary and subordinate.

2. The Machine and the world conceived as a machine are "real"; the human personality and the products of personality are, for the mechanist, dead, unreal, empty, impotent.

3. Since the New Mechanists by a deep, persistent bias look upon the external physical fact as the abiding reality . . . the main problem of life, as they see it, consists in the adjustment of human ideas and needs to these more obdurate externals . . . in adjustment to the dominant physical environment.

Mr. Dewey has never supported any of these "mechanistic" ideas; and Mr. Mumford may confidently be challenged to produce any evidence in Mr. Dewey's writings that justifies his interpretation. Mr. Dewey has consistently argued against "mechanism" be it new or old. Indeed, the merit of his philosophy depends to a great extent upon the validity of the solution it gives of those problems that made "mechanism" philosophically inevitable. It may not be amiss to point out that Mr. Dewey has long since gone much farther on the road that leads to a "true" humanism than Mr. Mumford seems prepared to go even now. Not only are human needs and desires, human personality and its manifold products given, in Mr. Dewey's philosophy, reality and value, in their own realm equal to that enjoyed by facts of physical science and the mechanical and industrial world in theirs; his philosophy has advanced the far more radical "humanistic" thesis, that the qualities of human experience and the cultural achievements of mankind have a positive metaphysical significance, that the traits they exhibit are important for a naturalistic, empiricistic interpretation and understanding of the whole of Nature. And as far as the need for and form of adjustment are concerned, it is hard to believe that anyone can be so remote from Mr. Dewey's reach that he has not heard Mr. Dewey's insistent doctrine that mind or reflection is defined by its function *of remaking and reconstructing the environment*, that it is only by recognizing and intelligently utilizing its reconstructive office that we can develop a free and humane society—a society that is not a submission to the necessities of brute fact, but is expressive of the nature and demands of the human spirit.

It is conceivable that Mr. Mumford will claim that I am here presenting only my interpretation of Mr. Dewey's philosophy, and that of two interpretations he believes, as well as prefers, his own. I therefore add the following quotations from Mr. Dewey's writings which are representative of his thought on the points at issue. One can thus compare, at a glance, what Mr. Dewey says with what Mr. Mumford says he says.

Nature and experience are not enemies or aliens. Experience is not a veil that shuts man off from nature. It is a means of penetrating continually farther into the heart of nature. If experience actually presents esthetic and moral traits then these traits may also be supposed to reach down into nature and to testify to something that belongs to nature as truly as does the mechanical structure attributed to it in physical science. . . . The traits possessed by the subject matter of experience are as genuine as the characteristics of sun and electron. . . . Experience includes dreams, insanity, illness, death, labor, war, confusion, ambiguity, lies, and error; it includes transcendental systems as well as empirical ones; magic and superstition as well as science. . . . Experience denotes the whole wide universe of fact and dream, of event, act, desire, fancy, and meanings, valid and invalid . . . the world which is lived, suffered, and enjoyed as well as logically thought of, has the last word in all human inquiries and surmises.

All the intelligent activities of men, no matter whether expressed in science, fine arts, or social relationships, have for their task the *conversion* of causal bonds . . . into a connection of means—consequence, into meanings. . . . The idea is art, a work of art. As a work of art, it directly liberates subsequent action and makes it more fruitful in a *creation* of more meanings and perceptions. . . . Knowledge or science, as a work of art, like any work of art, *confers* upon things traits and potentialities which did not previously belong to them. Thought, intelligence, science is itself a natural event in which nature, otherwise partial and incomplete, comes fully to itself. . . . Art is the complete culmination of nature.

Fidelity to the nature to which we belong . . . demands that we cherish our ideas and ideals till we have converted them into intelligence, revised them in terms of the ways and means which nature makes possible. We know that such thought and effort is one condition of the coming into existence of the better. As far as we are concerned, it is the only condition, for it alone is in our power.

These general philosophic issues, and Mr. Mumford's misunderstanding of Mr. Dewey's philosophy, are brought to a focus in his comment on Mr. Dewey's recent articles in *The New Republic*. Mr. Mumford says:

Mr. Dewey in his heart of hearts accepts no values except those provided by the immediate situation . . . although . . . he knows that . . . man belongs to a world that includes a past and a future as well as a present and can, by his own selective efforts, create new passages and ends not derived from his immediate situation.

What Mr. Dewey has really argued for in his articles is that the "immediate situation" provides the means, the instrumentalities. It provides the ends or values only in the degree that they, too, are products of experience. But the "immediate situation" is only the empirical source of the ends or values in their first appearance; they can be (and are) transferred, elaborated, improved, esthetically enjoyed, or made the basis of reconstructing activity in their original or some other situation. The "immediate situation" as instrumentality or means, however, has to be dealt with on its own terms; we have to face its literal and obdurate character as existence—or else seek the vain and ephemeral solace through an avenue of illusion and escape. As for the future, it would be very strange indeed, if Mr. Dewey ever neglected it. The following citations (*The New Republic*, April 2) cover these final points:

Since we live in a moving world and change with our interaction with it, every act produces a *new* perspective, that demands a *new* exercise of *preference*. . . . True integration is to be found in relevancy to the present, in active response to conditions as they present themselves, in the effort to *make them over to some consciously chosen possibility*. Ideals must be *framed* out of the *possibilities* of existing conditions, even if these be conditions that constitute a corporate and industrial age. The ideals take shape and gain a content as they operate in *remaking* conditions. . . . By accepting the corporate and industrial world in which we live, and thus by fulfilling the *pre-condition* for interaction with it, we, who are also parts of the moving present, *create* ourselves as we *create* an unknown *future*.

To use Mr. Mumford's own illustration, in the thirteenth century energies "were poured into the creation of great symbolic structures like the cathedral." From the twentieth century, we are likely to view the cathedral in isolation, and simply as a work of art; but whatever else the cathedral is a symbol of, it is, at any rate, a symbol of the fact that the forces then operative in society had a "chance to build minds after their own pattern." Mr. Dewey in counseling us to allow the present forces in society to build our minds after *their* patterns, is not engaging in a "counsel of despair." It is, rather, a counsel of hope, that we, too, may be able to pour our energies into the creation of *our* "great symbolic structures."

JOSEPH RATNER.

New York City.

Rhyming the States

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Taking advantage of my absence in Missouri, you seem to have questioned the possibility of rhyming the names of some of our states, notably Connecticut, Massachusetts, Mississippi, Texas, and Virginia. If you are serious and no trifler, you will be relieved to learn that in the epilogue to one of my books, "I Sing the Pioneer," *all* the states and domains of the United States are rhymed seriatim. Here are the quatrains on the particular states specified:

In early times in staid Connecticut
The settlers, shrewd and energetic, cut
From Holland's claim an ample slice of scenery
That now resounds with thunderous machinery.

There still remain, I hear, in Masachusetts,
In Salem, Lynn and Scituate, a few sets
Of Pilgrim chairs and tables made, indeed well,
Imported on the Mayflower and Speedwell.

While plums and melons bloom in Mississippi,
Who cares if summerdays are warm and drippy?
Who cares,—again I ask for information,—
While peanut vines bedeck the old plantation?

As big as France and Greece, tremendous Texas
May well be called our country's solar plexus.
Her cotton makes our shirt and, maybe, collars;
Her crops are worth above a million dollars!

Had brave Æneas looked upon Virginia,
He never would have bothered with Lavinia,
And Rome would not have risen, proud and beany,
Which would have been too hard on Mussolini.

ARTHUR GUTERMAN.

New York.

Casanova Jones

By Joseph Anthony

Illustrated by Willy Pogany

"A modern HUDIBRAS!"
says Edwin C. Hill in the N. Y. Sun

(from the N. Y. Sun)

"Now from the derisive pen of Joseph Anthony comes a metrical travesty distinctly in the manner of Butler's 'Hudibras,' and as nicely calculated to remove patches of hide wherever its whip-lash wit happens to strike.

* * *

"This review at best can supply only a hint of Mr. Anthony's trenchant wit and of the devastating power of his polemic—for polemic it is as much as ever was 'Hudibras'."

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Belles Lettres

EPICUREAN ESSAYS. By *W. W. Strickland.* Westermann.

A HISTORY OF FRENCH LITERATURE. By *Edward Dowden.* Appleton. $1.

ENGLISH PROSE, 1600-1660. Edited by *Cecil A. Moore* and *Douglas Bush.* Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.

PERIODICAL ESSAYS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. By *George Carver.* Doubleday, Doran. **$1.50.**

Fiction

FAREWELL TO PARADISE. By FRANK THIESS. Translated from the German by H. T. LOWE-PORTER. Knopf. 1929. $2.

This is a psychological study of adolescence that we can relish and savor. Frank Thiess seems to comprehend these German lads as few writers do their characters, and we watch him trace the mysteries of their groping and developing minds, spirits, and bodies with a complete willingness to believe. The novel has no plot, but is, rather, a kind of wandering chronicle of two weeks at a small hotel in the Harz, where a group of undistinguished parents and children are spending their holidays. Nothing particular happens, but Wolf Brassen and his fellows knock about, go driving, lie in the sun, and wonder about the difficulties that life has already presented to them. In spite of the lack of action, the narrative is continuously absorbing, for its subtlety, its suggestiveness, its complete convincingness make us say to ourselves, "Look here! This is the real thing—no fake about it!" And that is the secret of the book's excellence: it is so far removed from everything false or gaudy. The author's intelligent sympathy with his characters makes the novel good to read, good to read again, and good to recollect.

"Farewell to Paradise" is one of a tetralogy, three of the members of which have been published in the United States. The order in which the four should be read is: "Farewell to Paradise," "The Gateway to Life," "The Devil's Shadow," and "The Pillar of Fire."

HIGH FENCES. By GRACE S. RICHMOND. Doubleday, Doran. 1930. $1.

By the last chapter of this book the high fences have all been hurdled, and the way is clear for a good old-fashioned happy ending. The highest two of these fences have been differences of opinion between the hero and the heroine on the following issues: is it better to live in the city or in the country? should a literary woman give up her career for marriage? The answer to both questions seems to be "yes and no."

Though Mrs. Richmond's plot is highly elementary, it is not quite bad enough to be silly. Minor characters are sometimes well conceived, and certain details of background come out clearly. These qualities, together with a careful avoidance of all reference to sex or other supposedly unpleasant aspects of human life, will doubtless make this novel a typical Richmond success.

FEVER PITCH. By FRANK WATERS. Liveright. 1930. $2.50.

Loaded to the gunwales with exotic color, this tale of the Mexican border country is very nearly sunk under its own strangeness. Mr. Waters tells of a fantastic, killing pilgrimage across the desert to reclaim a fabulous deposit of gold. A civil engineer and a dancing girl, bound together by the romanticism of the one and the greed of the other, set out from civilization, and during the last three-quarters of the book they grow continuously more thirsty, exhausted, desperate; through these pages the agony is piled on and on until it seems that there can be no greater imagined suffering. Eventually they do get to their promised land and find there a gibbering prospector awaiting them; but then, having arrived, they find that there is nothing whatever they can do with the rich gold that lies about them in ironic profusion. The end of the episode comes quickly, with death for the prospector and the girl, and a dulled life for the romantic. The tale is simply a theme with endless variations: heat—heat—heat.

Although Mr. Waters obviously knows the desert, knows what it can do to the hot and thirsty, he tells his story with such obscurity and preciousness that we have difficulty in taking either the events or the characters seriously. At times we encounter downright poor writing, but in general the trouble is that Mr. Waters tries too hard for his atmosphere and forgets to consider the effectiveness of the narrative. The story might well have been cut to approximately half its present length.

AMONG THOSE PRESENT. By ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE. Sears. 1930. $2.

This is the fable of Lacy Crandall, society thief but still somehow a splendid fellow, who is forced by his dastardly confederates to rob the girl he loves. For the delectation of the reader there are numerous descriptions of high life. We are continually dispirited by the characters' parade of intense nobility, as well as by the low intellectual level of the tale. "Among Those Present" is light reading with a vengeance.

ORPHAN OF MARS. By JOANNA CANNAN. Bobbs-Merrill. 1930. $2.50.

They had been married on a February Sunday in 1918, on one of Laurence's leaves in London, when Wanda was a dashing young thing in the W.A.A.C. and Laurence seemed brilliant in a uniform. But after the War their troubles began; Wanda expected money and position, neither of which Laurence could provide. In fact, he couldn't even get a decent job, though he was earnest in his search for work. No one seemed to be employing ex-officers, especially those ex-officers who had had no experience before the War. Things went from bad to worse with Wanda and Laurence, and finally separation was the only logical way out—Wanda going to her own kind, Laurence to cheap lodgings on the Pimlico Road. Thus the novel ends, inconclusively and not quite satisfactorily.

Miss Cannan is justifiably indignant about the British treatment of ex-officers in the years immediately following the Armistice; "Orphan of Mars" is essentially a protest. Though the novel has little distinction beyond a passionate sincerity of purpose, it is sensible and well mannered. It is likely, however, that the specialized thesis and a certain lack of depth in the narrative will put a damper on its popularity in the United States. But even at that, it is always readable and often entertaining.

THE SUNKEN FLEET. By HELMUT LORENZ. Translated by SAMUEL H. CROSS. Little, Brown. 1930. $2.50.

The publisher's note on the jacket of his book tells us that Helmut Lorenz while in command of three submarines at the Zeebrugge base encountered a depth charge and was forced to take refuge with his damaged vessel in the Spanish port of El Ferrol. When the empire crashed and he was ordered to turn over the U.C.45 to the French authorities, he ran her out of the harbor and sank her rather than submit to what he considered an insupportable indignity. This adventure is followed in detail toward the end of "The Sunken Fleet," which begins on one of the great battleships of Germany's pride, and follows the social and professional life of a group of naval officers, particularly of one Hans Barnow, first gunnery officer of the Grossherzog, and his pretty wife, Erika, whom he neglects for his guns, leaving her to the dubious attentions of a certain Gunter Adenreid. A minor domestic tragedy develops only to be cut short by the war, when Erika, after Barnow's death at the battle of Jutland, realizes how she had failed in her duty as a wife and thereafter devotes herself to caring for the wounded.

The most interesting aspect of the book is its unquestioning reactionaryism. Commander Lorenz's attitude toward women is a commingling of sentimentality and cynicism, toward bureaucratic officialdom that aristocratic contempt of the military caste, and toward the seizure of the German fleet rampant nationalism. His book is an asseveration of a profound belief that the navy would have won the war had it been given the chance. The description of the battle of Jutland, while painstaking and no doubt accurate, hardly equals in vividness a similar picture painted in a few words by Von Luckner.

THE OWNER LIES DEAD. By TYLINE PERRY. Covici-Friede. 1930. $2.

When the fire that had burned for weeks after the explosion in Haunted Mine was put out at last, and rescuers went down to take out the bodies of the dead, they found Tony Sheridan, the owner's nephew who had rushed down in the last attempt at rescue, dead at the bottom of the shaft. And old residents recalled the prophecy that the spirits of the miners killed long ago in Haunted Mine's first disaster would never be at rest till the owner himself lay dead in its depths.

But Tony Sheridan, after all, was the owner's nephew. Moreover, he had not died in the fire, he had been shot; he lay on his back but the flames which had marred his face had left the front of his sweater untouched and burned the back of it clear. Aha! Go on from there; it's good. Toward the end the involutions become very involved indeed; but it all stays plausible, as mystery stories go. Moreover, Miss Perry has added to the mystery another element, the loyal devotion of three brothers and a girl, rather reminiscent of "Beau Geste"; and she has managed to work out a solution wherein the righteous get their due and only the wicked get their comeuppance, though you can read pretty close to the end before you see how she can ever do it.

HARD MONEY. By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND. Harpers. 1930. $2.50.

This is one of the historical novels with fictitious main characters, a surrounding group of actual figures, and incidents so distorted from fact as to be particularly tantalizing. Jan Van Horn is the first great financier in this country. Step by step from the days of Jefferson, when every state and bank was issuing its own currency, down to Tyler and Harrison when big interests were carrying industry and population westward, the Dutch lad learned how to convert paper and enterprise into cold cash—into "hard money." He became the financier of the nation's transportation, backing steamboats on the Hudson, the opening of the Erie Canal, the laying of the railroads. All the events of the financial story of America are there, summarized in one man's life. The little incidents, too, come right out of history—the watering of cattle before taking them into town to sell, the interception of couriers in time of war (the War of 1812 in this case) followed by swift buying of government bonds, the buying up of five-dollar bills when they were the only bills immediately convertible into gold and thus converting them, the ruining of a private bank by a sudden run on it, the manipulation of stocks by created rumor and gossip.

All the actual scandals of New York finance are dug up, and are packed immediately into the fictitious story of a hated rivalry between Jan and his one lifelong enemy. Even the rivalry may not be altogether fictitious. One imagines Daniel Drew in the figure of Abel Betts, and probably Cornelius Vanderbilt in the Dutch Van Horn, while the ill-used Erie parades as the Ramapo and Goshen Railroad. Well known names are scattered through the book, Martin Van Buren, Stephen Girard, Nicholas Biddle, William Astor. Historical background is doled out in occasional paragraphs. But there is such shuffling of events and personages as to dissipate any great interest. The personal story of Mary Phillipse and Jan Van Horn in little old New York, which might have been highly romantic, is reduced to a mere scenario, to leave room for the banker's tale. The book is neither fish, nor fowl, nor good red herring.

PARLOR, BEDLAM AND BATH. By S. J. PERELMAN and Q. J. REYNOLDS *Liveright.* 1930. $2.

Last year, entirely on his own, Perelman perpetrated "Dawn Ginsbergh's Revenge," a fine, mad book; we had expected just that sort of thing from him, having followed for several years his cock-eyed drawings and legends in *Judge.* Perelman was obviously to be trusted. And now he has produced from his lunatic depths a second and better volume, "Parlor, Bedlam and Bath," but this time we see that he has had a collaborator, one Q. J. Reynolds.

The book is good, though it falls occasionally into a bog. Essentially it is like nothing else that we know, in spite of passages and attitudes that remind us of McEvoy, Sullivan, Stewart, Lardner, Benchley, Groucho Marx, and Joe Cook. Anyone to whom this list is a rollcall of the well-beloved will be thoroughly delighted with Perelman. He is never really derivative, though it is plain to see where he went to school. His humor is completely up-to-the-minute: allusive, intelligent, urban—and above all, mad. But that is the way we take it these days, and like it. A generation from now it will be largely indecipherable and thoroughly inane, but here and now it's grand good stuff.

Some of the high spots: Chester's apart-

(*Continued on next page*)

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page.*)

ment; the lunch at the college club; the visit of the Fuller Brush man; the affair on the "American Hoofer;" the cops at the party; the meeting with Helen; the sentimental guard on the elevated; the meeting with Lila. The chapter headings are pure gold, of an indescribable waggishness. Throughout, there is a delightful dwelling on the lighter aspects of drinking and of Prohibition. Some of the pages might, indeed, have come from the Bartender's Guide, and the descriptions of various speakeasies are magnificent.

Sympathetic souls—and there are many of them—will have a better summer for Perelman's high spirited nonsense.

Juvenile

MOORLAND MOUSIE. By GOLDEN GORSE. Illustrated by LIONEL EDWARDS. Scribner's. 1930.

This book, which was originally issued in this country a year or more ago, is in its new edition one of the selections of the Junior Literary Guild for July. The tale of an Exmoor pony, from its days as a colt until at the age of seven, after having passed through many vicissitudes, it "comes back into the top class," it is a charmingly told story, with simple and touching incident and sufficient development to carry even the mature reader along on the stream of its narrative. Its drawings are admirable and admirably reproduced. Indeed, they alone, even were there no text to elaborate them, would make the book well worth possessing.

TIED IN THE NINTH. By MERRITT PARMELEE ALLEN. Century. 1930. $1.75.

Only a supple imagination can write a dozen baseball stories and have them commendably different. In only two of these does a boy have to live down a hated nickname. In one of them the home team does not win! Further, Mr. Allen works the different positions valuably and a good deal of baseball can be picked up from his asides. But all the obvious morals have too big a lead to make the stories very interesting. We are still looking for the baseball book we want; it will be something between "Tied in the Ninth" and "You Know Me, Al."

BARE HANDS. By HAWTHORNE DANIEL. Coward-McCann. 1929. $2.

This pipe-dream of Mr. Daniel's concerns a naval architect, two engineers, and a boy, who after being marooned on an Alaskan Island, produce their salvation from the sleeve of science. The boy creates fire with sticks, Mr. Parker, whose only raiment is a pair of pink pajamas, discovers magnetite, and the group goes on to elaborate a steamboat, which the publishers were good enough to have a professional in to check over. Evil spirits, seal poachers, kidnappings, and a fortunately passing steamer round out these ingenious pages, which should be memorized by anybody intending to be wrecked without food, tools, or clothing.

Poetry

DEEP SOUTH. By CARL CARMER. Farrar & Rinehart. 1930. $2.

This poet will be remembered for his charming and original fantasies. More accurately, the fantasies should perhaps be attributed to the poor whites of Alabama from whom the material for "Deep South" is drawn, but it is Mr. Carmer's keen sense of the fantastic that has selected and recreated certain unforgettable pictures—Hill Inge surrounded by the pigs of Calera with their yellow glass eyes and their serried snouts raised toward him; the old fiddler sitting under the lolly pine in the graveyard playing for his sleeping friends the tunes they were wont to dance to; the young prisoner at the bar telling the court of the marvelous mermaid he had seen and heard when he was out spearing eels on the Mississippi and how, when he had told his tale next day, a young squirt had ventured to impugn his truthfulness—"and so I shot the bastard."

The poor white, with his superstitions, his slow sense of humor, his evil code of personal revenge, his gun-toting, his racy speech, his lack of physical and moral stamina,—he is to be seen thus in the Deep South; and not there only, because his type is scattered about the earth though his superficial characteristics may vary. Everybody has known people like him, though their outward garb of moonshiner, night-rider, or down-at-the-heel farmer may appear exotic. Compared with other isolated peoples, they are worse educated and less likable than the New Englanders of Robert Frost, less neurotic than those of Amy Lowell, more primitive and direct than either. And the subtle dialect rhythms of those two masters have not been equalled by Mr. Carmer, though his versification is of good quality. Most of the poems are in blank verse, and while this form does not become wearisome within the short space of these eighty-odd pages, it is to be hoped that the poet will next give us more pigeon-wings and reel-tunes, since his few departures from the more pedestrian form are very successful. "The Ballad of Steve Renfroe" is excellent in its variation within repetition; and in "Testimony" the confines of the sonnet form inspire him to the raciest and most compact of all the poems in the volume.

Travel

JUNGLING IN JASPER. By LAWRENCE J. BURPEE. Ottawa: Graphic Publishers. 1929. $3.50.

Mr. Burpee, who fills several inches of a page in Canada's "Who's Who" with literary achievement, occasionally takes a vacation from historical chronicles and writes a travel book, writes it for sheer pleasure, one guesses, and the result is altogether charming. "Jungling in Jasper" tells of an eighteen day jaunt from Jasper House on the Athabaska River past places signalized by luring names—Rock Slide Creek, Twin Tree Lake, Idaleen Pass, Snaring River, Tonquin Valley—and back to the luxury of Jasper Lodge. No one could find the way by these impressionistic pages. Prosaic fact is as rare as mercy in a mosquito, though we are told that Jasper Park is as large as Rhode Island and Connecticut put together, and the reader with an eye open can pick up a wisp of information here and there.

What charms is the variety of discursion and the delightful humor. Robert the Devil, the lead horse, is revealed in all his hard-boiledness. The Warden's reminiscences of the Yukon, of grizzlies, of nearly everything, are reported most amusingly. Mr. Burpee commences a prose anthology of impassioned comments on the mosquito. He brings in Mr. Fleming's discovery of Smoky Pass. He describes a magnificent trip by air over the southern Rockies. Best of all, he never dips into that car-folder jargon from which western magnificence suffers. The book is a good omen for the future of the very *genre* the Canadian shelf most needs.

HOW TO WINE AND DINE IN PARIS. By *Robert Forrest Wilson*. Bobbs-Merrill. 1030. $1.75.

A WAYFARER IN BAVARIA. By *Suzanne St. Berbe Baker*. Houghton Mifflin Co. 1930. $3.

A WAYFARER ON THE RHINE. By *Malcolm Letts*. Houghton Mifflin Co. $3.

NATURALLY, we do not recommend these books to you, simply because they are best-sellers or because everyone is talking about them. We do feel, however, that, according to your taste, you, too, will find in these books that "indefinable something" which has made thousands of others read them with so much enjoyment.

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The New Colophon

PART Two of *The Colophon* has appeared, and my colleague has written of the literary and bibliographical features of the number; it remains to speak a word or two about the typography of this issue.

The plan of *The Colophon* is to combine in a board-bound volume various essays printed not uniformly by one printer, but by a number of printers, the only uniformity being the exact one of size of paper page, and the less exact type page size. Type, paper, decorations, and margins all vary in details.

In this volume there are eight sections of text, printed by The Pynson Printers, The Harbor Press, The Curwen Press, The Walpole Printing Office, Paul Johnson, The Printing-Office of the Yale University Press, and The Spiral Press. All of the work is creditably done, so that there is little to mention there; what is of more interest is the type which American printers have selected for their work in this year of modernistic rubbish. For no restrictions are placed on the printers—they must trust to their own taste in selecting type, and abide the comparison with other inserts.

Of the eight sections, one is printed in Caslon, one in Garamond, one in Cochin (all suitable book faces); while the remaining five are set in Scotch Roman, Brimmer, or Baskerville—all type faces which I should call thoroughly sound, readable, comely designs. This is really somewhat surprising. The printers have selected neither the archaic faces nor the bizarre ones: they have not only exercised admirable taste in choosing their types, but I am inclined to think (*pace* the modernists and their sans-seriffs) that they have selected that variety of type which for sparkle, litheness, and freshness—for all these types of the five last mentioned sections are of the "transitorial" variety—might almost be said to typify America. (I include the Curwen Press in this, although it is an English press.) This practical unanimity in selecting a general type style is, I hope, significant of eventual typographic sanity.

I regret that the cover again seems inadequate. It has gone modern, and a little clumsily. The art of design is still far from healthy, and a good type display would have been better than a poor design. *The Colophon* has well justified its existence, and should have several years of increasing usefulness ahead of it. It is very much to be hoped that the effort of its devoted board of editors to maintain it will be successful. It is pleasant to have good matter and good manner joined in one magazine. R.

Philodidlon

THE issues of this German typographic and bibliographic periodical continue to contain the usual array of miscellaneous matter, and to be as well printed as ever. The notes on American happenings seem surprisingly well done, and the auction records, lists of pertinent new books, etc., contain frequent news of value; and the advertisements are perhaps the best set of any we know. R.

"Some Harvard Printers"

HARVARD ALUMNI BULLETIN for January 2 contains an article on a recent exhibition of books in the College Library which bear in one way or another the impress of Harvard hands. A complete or even partially complete collection of this sort, even of recent issues, would be a considerable task, so the exhibition was strictly selective.

Limited Editions Club

WHEN the plan of the Limited Editions Club was announced last year, it seemed a thoroughly good plan, which might result in the production of some notable volumes and some not so notable. From time to time I have commented on the volumes which have appeared, and it seems to me that the scheme has fully justified itself, in spite of the fact that some of the books have hardly set a standard beyond the average. Some of them, on the other hand, have been very well done indeed. They have all been designed and printed by American practitioners of the printer's or the designer's craft.

For the coming year, the Club announces that its twelve books will be printed in Europe, by various printers, who have been brought into the plan through arrangements made by Frederic Ward, who has been in Europe perfecting the details.

The books announced for the second year are as follows:

Thackeray's "Vanity Fair," Oxford University Press.

Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus," Curwen Press.

De Quincey's "Opium Eater," Shakespeare Head Press.

"Tales by the Brothers Grimm," Rudolf Kock and Walter Gerstung.

Molière's "Tartuffe," Poeschel & Trepte.

Hugo's "Notre Dame de Paris," Imprimerie Coulouma.

Hawthorne's "Marble Faun," Fretz Brothers.

"The Little Flowers of St. Francis," Officina Bodoni.

"Aucassin and Nicolete," State Printing Office, Prague.

Homer's "Odyssey," Enschedé.

Loti's "An Iceland Fisherman," P. A. Norstedt.

Pushkin's "The Gypsies," State Printing House, Moscow.

This list includes many of the famous European printing offices, as well as a widely distributed geographical list. The result should be even more interesting than was the first series, because varieties of typographical expression are more likely to manifest themselves in Europe than here. Especially in the matter of illustrations do I expect to see a wide difference between the two series. The Limited Editions Club seems to be a well thought out scheme, and likely to be even more worth while to its subscribers during the second series than it was in the first. R.

"Amateur" Printing

I HAVE been accused of "pontificating among the playboys"—which, whatever it may mean, sounds damning. But after all it is the playboys who give to printing the very necessary fillip of imagination, experimentation, adventure. Morris was a playboy when he started the Kelmscott Press (and old-fashioned printers even yet do not accept Kelmscott typography as anything but "amateurish"), Baskerville and his hot copper plates was another, and Gutenberg was the preëminent playboy, trying to imitate in metal letters the work of the handwriter. The fact is that any profession left to the exclusive charge of the professionals will become hackneyed, ritualistic, and stupid. It is the amateurs, the playboys, who rescue typography from the stultifying hand of the professional printer. From the standpoint of these same "regular" printers, the work of the playboys may be bad printing, but frequently it has the breath of life in it, anyway. All the truth, of course, lies in one type case, but no one has yet appeared who could set it up.

I hope that I am not going to give offense by classifying as "among the playboys" some printing which its doers take pride in to such an extent that they do not consider themselves amateurs: but to me the word amateur means one who has not yet lost the zest of life. So these notes must be taken, as the lawyers (the most ritualistic of professionals) have it.

MR. HARRY RITCHIE and MR. CREGG ANDERSON send me three small brochures—Joseph Warren Beach's "Body's Breviary," George Arnold's "Nut Brown Beer," and Robinson Jeffers's "Stars." All are trifles as books go, but well set in good type and carefully printed.

ANOTHER California printer, James D. Hart, sends the first publication of the Penguin Press (so named he says, because the printers, like the penguin, yearn to fly,

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but are hopelessly wedded to the earth), "A Letter from Mark Twain to his Publishers, Chatto & Windus," printed for the first time from the original letter in the collection of James Hart. It really isn't very good printing, but it has the redeeming virtue of being set in one size and face of type, and of not trying to deck itself out in printer's flowers.

MR. LEWIS MCKENSIE TURNER, of the Salt House Press, Baltimore, sends me from time to time specimens of his work. He makes use of as modest a font of roman type as is often seen today, and apparently gets all the fun an amateur ought to get out of his work. The latest product of the Salt House Press is "The Midwinter Night's Dreams of the First Hollywood Christmas Festival, 1929-1930," "A Trial Marriage of Stage and Screen." The fact that Mr. Turner has been acquainted with type and hand presses for half a century does not prevent his being an amateur—and he will not quarrel with me for so designating him.

A MOST distinguished member of the amateur group is Mr. Stephen A. Hurlbut, whose St. Albans Press in the city of Washington possesses a very extraordinary complement of types. His "Kalendarium Anno 1930 Bimillenniali Vergiliano" is delightful, and has gone into several editions.

THE Bibliographical Press at Yale University is operated, one afternoon a week, by four or five graduate students and seniors studying English in the University. It does not presume to any merit as a printing establishment, but serves to acquaint the students with eighteenth century printing office practice. Its latest issue is a series of notes on the use of the ink ball, written by a former student in the course, and printed in English Caslon Long Primer type as a diminutive sixteen-mo. Only twenty-five copies are printed of any item, on dampened hand-made paper. R.

Some Forthcoming Books

JOHN SPARGO, once an able writer on socialism, but now "reformed" into President of the Bennington Historical Society, has written "The True Story of Capt. David Mathews and his State Line House," which will be issued from the Tory Press, Rutland, Vermont, as number one in the Bennington Historical Museum Publications.

THE two hundredth anniversary of the permanent establishment of the printing press in Virginia will be celebrated by the publication October 1, 1930, of "Early Printing in Virginia," by Lyon Gardiner Tyler. Mr. Edward L. Stone of Roanoke will write an introduction. The edition will consist of 1250 copies on rag paper, at $10 ($12.50 after publication.) The publishers are Garrett & Massie of Richmond.

AN ambitious work in two volumes will be "The Anatomy of Bibliomania," by Holbrook Jackson, to be issued by the Soncino Press. The publisher's prospectus says that "there is no aspect of the approach to books which has not been thoroughly investigated and illustrated with a multitude of references and quotations." The work will appear in two volumes, the first in November of this year, the second in May of next. There will be 1,000 numbered sets at 28s., and 48 copies of each volume on hand-made paper at £6 6s.

TWO more than usually interesting announcements come from Random House. One is an edition (475 copies) of Sheridan's "The School for Scandal," edited by R. Crompton Rhodes and decorated by Thomas Lowinsky. The second is "The Whole Works of Homer Prince of Poetts in his Iliads, and Odysses. Translated by Geo. Chapman." The peculiar interest of this edition lies in the fact that it will be set in Bruce Rogers's *Centaur* type, now first available on the type-setting machine: this is the first extended use of it to come to my attention, and it will be contrasted with Mr. Rogers's own use of the type. There will be five volumes on hand-made paper in an edition of five hundred sets at $100. Both of the above items will be printed at the Shakespeare Head Press for Basil Blackwell, Oxford, and distributed by Random House in America.

Auction Sales Calendar

Sotheby & Company, London, recently sold a Selected Portion of the Library at Hornby Castle, Bedale, Yorks, the property of His Grace the Duke of Leeds. The more important items were: the original 555 numbers of the *Spectator*, March 1, 1711, to December 6, 1712; Congreve's copy of Mateo Aleman's "The Rogue," Oxford, 1630, with the dramatist's signature on the titlepage; Edmund Bert, "An Approved Treatise of Hawkes and Hawking," London, 1619; H. W. Bunbury, "An Academy for Grown Horsemen," 1787; Robert Burton, "Anatomy of Melancholy," Oxford, 1621; Michael Dalton, "The Countrey Justice," 1619; Gerard's "Herball," 1697; Guarini, "Il Pastor Fido," Venice, 1590; Joseph Hall, "A Plaine and familiar Explication of all the hard texts of Scripture," London, 1633; Congreve's copy of François Hedelin's "Whole Art of the Stage," 1684, with his signature in each of its two volumes; Thomas Heywood, "Troia Britannica," London, 1609; Thomas Hobbes, "Leviathan," London, 1651; a slightly defective copy of "The Whole Works of Homer," translated by George Chapman; William Horman, "Vulgaria," London, 1519; J. H. van Linschoten's "Discours of Voyages into the Easte and West Indies," 1598; "The Whole Booke of the Psalms with the Hymns Evangelicall, and Songs Spirituall. Composed into 4 parts by sundry Authors. . . . Newly corrected and enlarged by Tho. Ravenscroft," London, 1621; two large paper copies of Rowe's First Octavo Shakespeare, 1709; Captain John Smith, "The generall historie of Virginia," London, 1624; William Wordsworth, "Poems," London, 1807; Wycherley, "Miscellany Poems," London, 1704, presentation copy with an inscription in the handwriting of the author; a large collection of manuscripts and first editions of musical compositions by Handel, Hasse, and Purcell; and several fine bindings, especially one done for Anne of Denmark, the wife of James I of England.

G. M. T.

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COLLECTORS OF AUTOGRAPHS, rare books, modern first editions, etc., should write to The Autograph Agency, 31 and 33 High Holborn, London, England, for catalogues which will be sent free on request. With each catalogue will be sent particulars of The Young Collectors' Club, a newly formed organization to help young collectors who have not yet left school for college.

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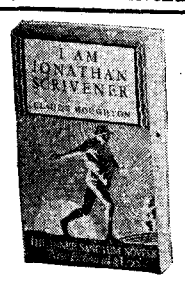

250 advance copies now ready. See paragraphs 10 and 11

The Inner Sanctum has appropriated its own name for the use of its dollar books. The first of *The Inner Sanctum Novels* will appear on July 24, but a word now—three weeks early—on The Big Idea.

Your Correspondents in their spare time are, among other things, readers of fiction. They have for many years bought novels, not because they couldn't have borrowed or rented them, but because they wanted to see what it felt like to part with $2.00 or $2.50 for a book of fiction—the good old Customer's Point Of View.

The Inner Sanctum Novels are an expression of a personal reaction. Here are new novels at $1.00. It may be that some are worth $5.00 to a purchaser. If so, swell. If not, it is our hope that at least they will be good reading matter. After they are read they may be lent to a friend, or sent to a hospital. Or, like a magazine, they may be thrown away.

The idea of throwing away a book has always been somewhat revolting. The reason, perhaps, is that a cloth binding gives an aura of sacredness to a book. Yet everyone knows that there is little that is permanent or holy about most novels.

Therefore, *The Inner Sanctum Novels* are not bound in cloth, but in flexible paper boards. (It so happens that they look much more attractive than that sounds.) The binding has been designed by MR. W. A. DWIGGINS of Boston. The same quality of printing and paper is used as in our non-fiction titles.

A provision for permanence, however, is being made. If any of the novels in *The Inner Sanctum Series* seems to a reader to have something of permanence, it may be bound in cloth by returning it to *The Inner Sanctum* with one dollar. And the bets concerning the fraction of the copies printed that will be returned for cloth binding have kept the Office Manager occupied during his lunch hours.

The entire success of *The Inner Sanctum Novels*, Your Correspondents believe, is based on the quality of the books themselves. They are *not* published with the idea of bringing out so much merchandise at a dollar a throw. The novels are not predominantly "light" or "frothy" or of any other single type. They are merely what seem to us to be good books—whether the author be ARTHUR SCHNITZLER or J. P. McEVOY. The novels included are:

I Am Jonathan Scrivener by CLAUDE HOUGHTON
Red Snow by F. WRIGHT MOXLEY
Denny and The Dumb Cluck by J. P. McEVOY
Casanova's Homecoming by ARTHUR SCHNITZLER
The Earth Told Me by THAMES WILLIAMSON
Beloved (O Mon Goye) by SARAH LEVY
A Night in Kurdistan by JEAN-RICHARD BLOCH
Fifteen Rabbits by FELIX SALTEN

For the first time in its career this column makes a direct attempt to sell something, and it's a copy of one of these novels—not for a dollar, but for twenty-five cents. We wish to send out 250 copies of *I Am Jonathan Scrivener* (one of our favorites) in order to find out if the readers of this column like the story and the new format as well as we do. If you wish one please *write* to *The Inner Sanctum*.

Manufacturers, we believe, call this Sampling. If so, well and good. We will sell these books for twenty-five cents for one week only, and only 250 of them, on the condition that the buyer pledge himself to drop *The Inner Sanctum* a note afterwards, saying exactly what he thought of the book, and the series. In fact, The Bookkeeping Department will keep track of the quarters as they come in and return them to anyone whose verdict is unfavorable.

—ESSANDESS.

WE hope you had a happy Fourth of July and aren't all blistered, what with one thing and another—the sunburn and the firecrackers. . . .

Mr. *Untermeyer's* recent poem in this column rhyming Massachusetts and Texas and so on seems to have caught the eye far and wide. Catherine Wharton, in the *Sherman Daily Democrat*, Sherman, Texas, reprints it and comments on Mr. Untermeyer's last three lines:

> Well, Louis, we don't have to imagine reflexes of all the sexes in Texas. We have 'em as our daily diet. What you don't know is that the rhyming reflexes of the sexes in Texas are really complexes.

R. B. Sharpe, *in Linonia scripsit:*

> Mr. Untermeyer has demonstrated that if our more difficult states cannot be hymned, they can at least be rhymed. They can also be limericked:
>
> *CONNECTICUT*
>
> *There was a young man of Connecticut*
> *Who'd turn pale if he happened to get a cut;*
> *"For," he'd hasten to say,*
> *With a look of dismay,*
> *"The sight of blood does so upset a gut!"*
>
> *VIRGINIA*
>
> *An F. F. offshoot of Virginia*
> *On a diet grew skinnier and skinnier.*
> *But she kept the fags handy*
> *And hid all the candy,*
> *So her voice became tinnier and tinnier.*
>
> *MASSACHUSETTS*
>
> *Those Smith girls of fair Massachusetts*
> *Adore to play tennis, a few sets,*
> *These evenings of spring,*
> *While the robin's a-wing*
> *And the sun o'er the Berkshires so blue sets.*
>
> *MISSISSIPPI*
>
> *A lad of "Deep South" Mississippi*
> *Loved a maid; but when she took a dip, he*
> *Fled out of the surf*
> *And fell prone on the turf—*
> *She'd become so unhappily hippy.*
>
> *TEXAS*
>
> *There's a charm to imperial Texas*
> *At a distance, but something still checks us*
> *When tempted to be*
> *A Lone Star devotee.*
> *It's so far from New Haven, Earth's nexus.*
>
> But we have other hard states, too. I recommend Dakota, Idaho, New Hampshire, Louisiana, Nevada, Utah, New Mexico.

This is our special contributors' number. Apropos of our saying something silly about inner checks and inner Slovenes, an habitué of Lipp's in Paris,—God bless its beer!—

> In reference to the enclosed clipping I wonder if it would have been funny if, instead of Slovenes, you—or the somebody—had used the word Slovaks as the country is Czechoslovakia. The Slovenes are in Jugo-Slavia.
>
> I enclose also a map of Eastern Europe taken from a pocket diary for 1929 issued by a Brooklyn bank and I wish you would look at what has happened to the Baltic Countries. No Esthonia while Lithuania is allowed to bound Russia! Isn't geography taught any more in the States?
>
> After this I must go to Lipp's and console myself with Pilsen-checks.

Next! Our good old standby, Sylvia Satan,—with two poems all to oncet:

FOR ANOTHER HOT DAY

Yesterday, by a wall of ivy and phlox
A flower swayed; a bee whirred, in the path of a breeze.
Today, outside the door of a telephone box
An electric fan combined me all of these

and, with apologies to an old song called San Salvador,—

Steve, Stevedore
O he beautifully swore
Did Steve, Stevedore. . . .

It would be a melancholy thing for stevedores
If men who remove freight at midnight from Sound steamers
Were compelled to communicate by sign language only;
And I am inclined to think
That if the law became universal,
Though still there might be freight to move
There would be no men to move it!

We quite agree with you, Sylvia,—and what on earth would taxi-drivers and truckmen do in the torrid season if they couldn't rip out all those round oaths they are so famed for. Not that they don't coin phrases also. The best one we've heard recently was, "Aw, go creep away with all the other mice!" . . .

Holiday is the new magazine of travel which will make its initial appearance in October. It is now in the market for MSS. It wants the human interest of travel, the glamourous side, awheel, awing, afloat. Pieces exceeding fifteen hundred words in length will have little chance of consideration. Accurate up-to-the-minute information about traveling is welcomed. The magazine will pay on acceptance, regularly seven cents a word, with variations. The office of the Managing Editor is Chrysler Building, New York City. . . .

Coward-McCann's first two $1.50 books by new authors, which will be out on the eighteenth, are "Sinners in Summertime," by *Siguard Hoel*, a translation from the Norwegian, which is appearing simultaneously in Norwegian, Swedish, Dutch, and German, and "The Murder of Cecily Thane," by *Harriette Ashbrook*, a detective story heartily recommended by *Robert I. Center*, former president of the Detective Story Club. . . .

Prentiss Taylor announces the first anniversary of The Winter Wheat Press and the publication of its fourth item, "A Circus Garland," poems by *Rachel Field*, decorations by Prentiss Taylor. And right here we wish to congratulate Miss Field for winning the John Newbery medal with "Hitty, Her First Hundred Years," a story for children (Macmillan.) She also published this year her volume of New England poems, "Points East" (Brewer & Warren). . . .

An astute confrère has pointed out to us the following item in one of the catalogues of John Smith & Son (Glasgow) Ltd.:

> 51 PHŒNIX NEST (THE), reprinted from the edition of 1593, edited by Hugh Macdonald, with notes and index, large demy 8vo, *boards, art canvas back, uncut (in printed wrapper)*, FINE, 18s *Shakespeare Head Press*, 1926
>
> Limited to 500 numbered copies, printed on Kentish all-rag paper.

So now you know what to give us for Christmas! . . .

Richard Connell's newest collection of short stories, and we have always been fond of his work, will be released on August twenty-second, and will include "A Half-Dollar Story" which was recently awarded the three thousand dollar prize in *Life's* short-story contest. The title of this collection of fifteen tales indicates their prevailing mood, "Ironies." The publishers, of course, are Minton, Balch & Company. . . .

We have not been able yet to peruse the Summer issue of *The Hound and Horn*, but it looks very interesting, and we are always delighted to receive this attractive periodical. The Hound and Horn Inc. is now situated at 10 East 43d Street this city, and the telephone number is Vanderbilt 4418. . . .

Now that her novel "Wedding Ring" is safely published and the manuscript for the next one delivered to her publishers, *Beth Brown* is planning to fulfil a lifelong ambition, which is—to master the art of playing the harmonica. . . .

The Glasgow *Herald* recently recorded an alleged visit of *Ramsay MacDonald* to an asylum, where he was introduced to a convalescent inmate as the Prime Minister. "They'll soon cure you of that here," was the response, "When I came in I was *Earl Haig*." . . .

We advise you to read "Doctor Serocold," by *Helen Ashton* (Doubleday, Doran). We heard more about that book when we were over in England than about almost any other. . . .

Demned hot, ain't it? We don't know what else to write about and so we're going to adjourn. Dollar books are all over the place just now and yet we haven't any more chance to read one than when they were twice the price. . . .

See you in swimming!

THE PHŒNICIAN.

The AMEN CORNER

A Washington columnist, referring to the passing of a fine old magazine, recently said "it is getting so that a man is put to it to find enough genteel publications to give tone to the living room table"! Probably this situation does not bother most of us as much as the over-emphasis today of the quantity production of flummery (called books), that are supposed to be good because they are cheap. They are serving one good purpose, however. They are driving us to read the great books of earlier times, books that we are tempted to put on our shelves with a promise to read at future leisure, a promise we repeat too often. To those whose recent reading has brought them neither wit nor philosophy, splendid action nor wealth of human experience, we recommend a holiday with the following books. Those who, in spite of subway crowds and traffic jams, still maintain a lively affection for their fellow kind can search out some isolated country spot and, with a copy of the *Complete Shakespeare*[1] ($2.25) yet join company with the most genial poet the world has ever known and meet kings and inn-keepers, philosophers and captains, statesmen and clowns. And if you enjoy your companion you will like *A Myth of Shakespeare*,[2] which has been hailed as "the most revealing biography of Shakespeare." *Shakespeare's Stratford*,[3] on the other hand (whereas it is a delightful and unusual guide book for the traveller), will tell you interesting things about the characters you have met and something of how Shakespeare came to know them in 17th Century England. In *Chaucer*[4] you will find as Virginia Woolf[5] has said, "eating, drinking, cocks and hens, millers, old peasant women—there is a special stimulus in seeing all these common things so arranged that they affect us as poetry affects us." "The cool and manly utterances of Johnson," to be found in *Boswell's Life of Johnson*,[6] will almost cure a reader of the habit of playing bridge each evening and will send him back again with "that enchantment which keeps them glittering in the mind long afterwards." *Evelina*[7] is more charming and understandable than ever since her last appearance. And the *Confession of a Thug*,[8] and the autobiographies of Anthony Trollope, John Stuart Mill, Edward Gibbon, Benjamin Franklin, Leigh Hunt, Benvenuto Cellini, Thomas Holcroft, Benjamin Robert Haydon, will people your hermitage with charming and lasting friends.

Those who have read Marcel Proust in French will be glad to know that Arnaud Dandieu's *Marcel Proust*[9] (reviewed in the June 28th issue of S. R. L. by Abel Chevalley in his "Letter From France," the first edition of which was sold out in a week) is being published here by Oxford. A. C. said, "I am not sure that anything has yet been published about Marcel Proust that can compete for wealth and range of ideas with it."

* * *

The following travelling rates will appeal to readers whose budgets are slighter than in other years. *Visits to Monasteries in the Levant*[10] ($1.25, round trip) will be full of exciting incidents and colorful adventures. *A Voyage to Surat* ($4.50) will amuse and amaze travellers wishing to visit western India in 1696. Another "Time Machine" voyage is offered in Kinglake's *Eothen*[10] ($1.25). We journey in the Ottoman dominions in 1835, during the Great Plague of Egypt. This is often compared with Sterne's *Sentimental Journey* for its brilliant and witty descriptions and is a classic of Near East travel. Most exciting of all is called *Voyages of Great Pioneers* ($2.00). It is a round-the-world tour accompanied by Christopher Columbus, Sir Walter Raleigh, Captain Cook, Marco Polo, Sir Francis Drake and Vasco Da Gama. If you have not already done so, visit those picturesque *Peaks and Frescoes* with Arthur McDowall. He will show you those beauties of the *Dolomites*[11] which the hasty tourist misses.

—THE OXONIAN.

(1) *An Introduction to the Reading of Shakespeare* by F. S. Boas ($1.25) and *Shakespeare the Man and His Stage*, by E. A. G. Lamborn and J. B. Harrison ($1.25); these two boxed together as a set, $2.50. (2) $1.75, a play in verse by Charles Williams; (3) $1.50; also see *Shakespeare's Haunts Near Stratford*, $2.25; and *Shakespeare Studies*, $2.50; all three by E. I. Fripp. (4) Complete, $1.50; (5) You will enjoy her perfect introduction to *Sentimental Journey* in the *World's Classics*, 80c. (6) $2.25; (7) With notes, indices and illustrations from contemporary sources, edited by Sir Frank D. Mackinnon, $7.50; (8) This and these other autobiographies are some of the enjoyable masterpieces to be had in the beautiful blue and gold binding of the *World's Classics* edition, each 80c; send to Oxford University Press, 114 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C. for attractive complete list of titles or ask to see them at your favorite bookshop. (9) $1.50; (10) One of the Oxford Miscellany Series; send for list; (11) $5.50.

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Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, 2 Bramerton St., Chelsea S.W.3, London.

Correspondents in Gadsden, Alabama, Tulsa, Oklahoma, and Quincy, Ill., ask for lists of non-fiction suitable for reading and discussion in reading-clubs.

I HAVE already sent replies by mail, and to other inquirers who wished to cover the past three or four years of publication, but here are some of the new publications that would make the basis of an interesting and valuable report. "Wider Horizons: the New Map of the World," by Herbert Adams Gibbons (Century), could be used as inspiration and companion of a winter's study; its chapters are on new measurements of time and space through air and automobile travel, the healthier world in which we live, the cultural migration, the growth and distribution of the human race, international trade and investments, woman's new place in the world, the influence of labor, of youth, of the church, and of international associations, with the progress of anti-war agitation. There is an appendix giving changes in the world-map between 1898 and 1930. "This World of Nations," by Pitman B. Potter (Macmillan), is another that would cover a year's program if so preferred; it gives the world's present situation in regard to international relations — international law, frontier questions, foreign policies, and other matters that may once have seemed none of our American business but that are the immediate concern of the U. S. A. The League of Nations is considered; the emphasis of the book is on information rather than forecast. Two books that go together are "Stuff," by Pauline G. Beery (Appleton), and "Raw Materials of Industrialism," by Hugh and Lucy Killough, of Brown and Wellesley respectively (Crowell). The former is for general reading, the latter for reference; Professor Beery's book is a popular survey of chemistry and its part in giving us hot stuff—coal, matches, oil; cold stuff—the marvels of refrigeration, foodstuffs; metal materials, and the rest of the things by which we live and feed and are clothed. There are many photographs and the style is non-technical. "Raw Materials" is a study for the economist of the resources of the world and their importance to national wealth and business. If I were to choose but one book for a club with a day devoted to reviewing art books (several such have asked for advice lately), I would select "Idols Behind Altars," by Anita Brenner (Brewer & Warren), for this is not only a searching study of the art of Mexico, but also a rich store of information and of comprehension concerning the life, ideals, and national psychology of our next-door neighbor to the south. It will be an eye-opener to many, and not alone to those whose eyes need opening about Mexico. If a club must have but one new poetry book, I would keep "Our Singing Strength: An Outline of American Poetry, 1620-1930," by Alfred Kreymborg (Coward-McCann), not only because there is more in it than in any other of recent publication, but because what there is is so well worth thoughtful attention, especially the attention of one who is trying to improve a comparatively slight acquaintance with our national literature. It is a continuous history, with its climax in the present. Of recent biographies, in addition to those lately named in the Guide, I suggest "Roosevelt: The Story of a Friendship," by Owen Wister (Macmillan), and a new life of "Lord Melbourne," by Bertram Newman (Macmillan), which manages to achieve a new treatment of the hackneyed subject of Lady Caroline Lamb by the simple trick of showing her as her husband saw her. He must have seen something, one admits, to put up with her for so long and apparently even to enjoy it. Also it is a good book for the opening of Victoria's reign. I think there is general interest enough in archæology—though perhaps it is not so called by those who pounce upon anything on the subject in the newspapers—to warrant the inclusion of two books of information on recent discoveries: "Ur of the Chaldees," by C. L. Woolley (Scribner), is the exciting account of what we now know of this ancient brilliant civilization, and "Magic Spades," by R. V. Magoffin and Emily C. Davis (Holt), a large book giving with contagious enthusiasm the story of what is being done to bring back the buried past all over the Old World and the New, and the technique of how it is being done—this being a matter on which popular interest is high. But the prize book for arousing discussion and keeping it at a high pitch would be Leo Markun's "Mrs. Grundy" (Appleton), a history of four hundred years of morals and otherwise.

I am so often asked for novels "with a problem," to be used as the center of such discussions, that I am glad to find in "The Ship of Truth," by Lettice Ulpha Cooper (Little, Brown), a novel that poses the problem of what a clergyman can do when his faith changes, and meets this honestly and with beauty. It won the thousand pound prize offered in England for the best religious novel; it was brought to my attention here by a clergyman who had passed through a somewhat similar experience; he said there had been nothing like this book since "Robert Elsmere." If it closes more happily than that did, it does so without compromise; it must be remembered that times, however badly we may sometimes think they have changed, have changed for the better in regard to persecutions of this particular sort.

CHICAGO rightly resents the statement that New York and Brooklyn are the only cities whose elevated roads were originally operated by steam. *C. G. Arnold,* of that city, says that the Lake Street L and South Side L were both operated by steam engines in the beginning, and *the original inquirer in California* tells me that the road in Chicago "known as the 'Alley L,' opened in 1892 or 1893, was a steam road. I remember, when I was a small boy, seeing one locomotive on it, and there is a full description of them (without pictures) in the *Scientific American* of that time. Incidentally, I would like to get pictures and more information about this, too."

R. G. C., Westfield, N. J., asks how to keep track of newly published Spanish novels or essays.

"BOOKS Abroad," a publication of the University of Oklahoma Press, began in a timid but efficient fashion not long since, and is now in its fourth volume a quarterly that deserves to call itself international, both in scope and apparently in circulation. It is sent without charge to college and public libraries and to individuals who really have an interest in it. It publishes short articles on living foreign writers and short reviews on recent foreign books, these in the current issue including Italian, Spanish (fifty-one of these), Russian, German, and French. Novels are generally described rather than appraised, so that one gets a fair idea of what they are about. Students and professors all over the country write for it.

M. C., Athens, Ga., asks for the best reference book on the value of the machine to human welfare.

THIS inquirer is already provided with books on the other side; what is now wanted is something to show how "the machine makes the impossible possible, adds to life and pleasure, and gives time for culture and improvement." I can't say that any book proves the first of these points, but Stuart Chase's "Men and Machines" (Macmillan) gave me my best idea of how the case stands for and against. It is an excellent exercise to move the mind slowly along these ranged statements of reasons for rejoicing and for apprehension, and see how far one's experience bears him out.

T. F., Trenton, N. J. asks for a book to be discussed in a drama reading-circle; not a printed play.

I DO not see how a drama class could spend an afternoon of discussion to better advantage than by choosing Kenneth Macgowan's "Footlights across America" (Harcourt, Brace) for this purpose, and following up the reading of a review with passing the book about for individual reading. It is a vigorous presentation of the case for the little theatre in America; I thought I knew something about it, but this authentic report is an eye-opener to me. The stage is in a much healthier condition than some of us fear, if all over our map an audience of this sort is in process of becoming. "The Revolt of the Actors," by Alfred Harding (Morrow), is another big book that will enlighten the outsider; it is the story of the foundation and long fight of the Actor's Equity Association, full of stirring incidents and personal anecdotes. Both of these would be excellent library material; the former especially is much needed there.

The Wit's Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

COMPETITION NO. 84

The prize for the most amusing Serious Dialogue with the Devil has been awarded to Homer M. Parsons.

THE WINNING ENTRY

JULIUS AND THE DEVIL—A SERIOUS DIALOGUE

"NOW what dat Obeah woman say? Snake skin?
Dat's in de mug. Squashed tadpole? I got dat. . . .
And dese yere ashes I'm a lynchin' rope. . . .
Six drops o' black cat blood . . . dis fetchum powdeh.
Mix 'em, and stir in rum—"
"Good evening, Julius."
"Oh lawsy mercy! Who . . . Who—"
"Keep your seat.
Oh, no; the doors are locked. Sit down, I tell you."
"Yassuh."
"That's better. So you wanted me?"
"Nossuh . . . yassuh—O Mistuh Devil, I'se scairt. . . .
Plumb scairt to death. Oh, please—"
"Get off your knees.
Get up! Quo usque tandem abutere Patientia nostra?"
"Stop it, Mistuh Devil!
I ain't want nothin'! Please don't talk dat way!"
"Quam diu etiam furor iste—*hell!*
Why should I spout in Latin? Look here, Julius:
We understand each other, don't we? You,
It seems, wanted to raise the devil with
Somebody else."
"Dat's it; yassuh, dat's it!
Dat lazy, wuthless, no 'count—"
"Never mind;
He stole your woman, did he?"
"Yassuh."
"Fine!
We'll fix that. ABRACADABRA!
Do you know
What I just did?"
"Nossuh."
"A simple trick
Of diabolic metamorphosis—"
"Yassuh."
"—that—are you cold?"
"Nossuh."
"I thought
I saw you shiver. Anyway, I turned
Your woman into a pig. So—PRESTO CHANGE!
When I did that, your man became a snake.
Now, that is all—except, of course, my pay."
"But, Mistuh Devil, I paid dat Obeah woman."
"Money, you paid her. Pooh! What's money? There!
Gold pieces! hear them clatter! see them fall!
They're yours—and more at any time you want them.
I . . . want . . . your . . . soul."
"No, Mistuh Devil, no—
You kain't! Ise been baptized. I sweah 'fo' Gawd—
Look out! Now whar you s'pose dat Ol' Boy go?
A puff o' smoke . . . an' off like dats kerfluey!
I sho' did tell him whar to git off at.
An' now dem gold—AIN'T NOTHIN' HYAR BUT LEAVES!
Shucks! Do you reckon both dem conjure tricks
Peter out dat way? Hit sho' IS de devil."

—HOMER M. PARSONS.

Perhaps the word "serious" was ambiguous. At least it offered an opportunity to Homer Parsons to be a little less serious and a little more amusing than his two chief rivals, David Heathestone and Claudius Jones. Mr. Heathestone's dialogue is printed here.

A number of other entries were entertaining in parts. Frank Roth made his Devil complain that "lately we have been receiving mostly Englishmen down here . . . they're damp and cold and don't burn well!": Regina L. Branch achieved originality in one couplet—

The devil asked with prompt ignition
"What has brought you to perdition?"

J. M. McIntyre ingeniously sent a young man to persuade the Devil to permit him to organize a conducted tour through Hell, but did not refer to a possible precedent in Dante. Eleanor M. Gillespie reported the original temptation of Eve in naive but curiously charming verse.

"Why do you offer me that apple red?"
"That you may wisdom have by being fed."
"But I can eat ambrosia and suck grapes."
"So can all these chattering, climbing apes."

Richard Hart deserves special praise for some stanzas which I hope to print in the next issue. . . . . .

DIALOGUE WITH THE DEVIL

Devil. Now that we are met face to face, may I offer you my services?

Jones. Service is my specialty, but I don't place you, Sir. My name is Jones, president of the Pepton Rotary. Yours is—?

D. Why, the Devil.

J. Sir?

D. I mean to say, I'm the Devil, friend of man's wishings.

J. Be serious.

D. I was never more serious. That you have not believed in a personal Devil has, on the whole, made things harder for me. When all the best people took me seriously, I had more disguises than you can imagine. When they thought they were most secure, I often had them. I didn't mind their shouting 'Amen' on Sunday if they would accept per cent on Monday.

J. Then you aren't doing so w nowadays?

D. Decency for decency's sake is of course harder to deal with than righteousness based on fear of punishment, but after all, nobility of motive is the only thing that balks me. That is still as rare as ever, so business isn't so bad.

J. We were speaking of services. Had you something in mind?

D. Just that: on reciprocal terms of course. I serve you first and you serve me afterward. May I not assist you on your journey?

J. With this new car I might more easily assist you.

D. Ah! Indeed! The automobile has been a most useful invention. 78% of its use is in my service. After all, modern times have their compensations. I have learned to take things as I find them, and turn them to my own advantage. You recall, that was my method in the garden scene, and I've improved with experience. There is the Radio too. I get a great amount of service from that. Perhaps you didn't know that a mixture of crooning, slimy mush vibrated through the human frame for 18 hours a day will shortly destroy the sturdiest morale, and incite murder? I usually snare man through his own devices. I have a number of people that you will be surprised to meet there.

J. Where?

D. In Hell.

J. Do you mean "would be" surprised?

D. Will be.

J. But I have something to say about that.

D. Oh, you won't reject my services.

J. Will you please go to Hell, and leave me?

D. Going directly, Sir. But I can't leave you here in this field. My servants, the curious, will be here in a moment to view the broken telephone poles and the wreck of your car. This is one of my best curves.

DAVID HEATHESTONE.

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The Literary Guild Selection for July

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Sweet Man

by Gilmore Millen

$2.50

"The story is told with so much ripe human comprehension that few readers will be able to stop for breath until the last page is reached."
— GILBERT BROWN, *Los Angeles Record*

"A vivid, powerful, novel packed with elemental passions and written in a lean and racy prose . . . easily merits comparison with 'Porgy'."
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